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July, 1951 Vol. 2. No. 7

Dance and Dancers

Editor : PETER WILLIAMS *Foreign Editor:* DAVID RAHER

REMOVE the masks from your mouths, throw away your rubber aprons, burn your white overalls—Operation Cranko has been successfully completed.

It was a brave step that De Valois took when she decided, about two years ago, to develop one choreographer within the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet by giving him his head and a comparatively free hand to create several new ballets one after the other.

In England we were in the grave position of having no successor to Ashton, Howard or De Valois herself. Several people were showing promise but none of them got the opportunity to make more than one, or possibly two, ballets a year. The only way to insure continuity is to concentrate on one—so the lot fell on Cranko. Had the experiment not been successful, and there were moments when this was very possible, the wrath of many people would have been let loose. Ballets are expensive to mount and the competition to create the few is considerable. Therefore if all the creations in one company, over eighteen months, are placed in the hands of one young boy there is obviously going to be a certain amount of discontent.

From the very beginning Cranko showed promise but not enough, to the untutored eye at any rate, to warrant him being chosen; it says a lot for De Valois' intuition that she made the choice she did.

His early *Children's Corner* was dominated by a fussy décor and costumes; *Sea Change* became submerged under a too strong score; *Beauty and the Beast* was the first to show a perfect balance. *The Witch*, for New York City Ballet, was an unfortunate episode in which a good idea got lost when several people started to impose theirs. *Pastorale* was not completely successful with its too heavy décor and Balanchine-inspired choreography. It was at this moment when the success of Operation Cranko seemed in the balance. However, along came *Pineapple Poll* and with a nod of her head and a gay twitch of her skirt brought a smash hit to Rosebery Avenue—her every appearance guaranteed a full house. But many people were still not satisfied as they felt that, up to then, his every work showed not only that they had been inspired by other choreographers but that many of them were a direct imitation—one after Petit, one after Balanchine, one after Massine.

The above photograph was taken from the Soviet film, Russian Salad, *given by the London Film Society at the Scala Theatre on May* 20. *It shows the great Russian dancer, Chabukiani (right) in a scene from the ballet* Taras Bulba. *The rest of this varied film programme ranged from* Lord Siva Danced, *with Ram Gopal and his company, to the film of* Manolete, *the famous bullfighter, which included some fine flamenco dancing by José Greco and his company. Programmes such as this are rare but it is to be hoped that more of them will be arranged for the future as they are of the greatest interest to all those who like the dance in its many forms. It is also possible to see artists who may never appear in this country.*

Not that there is anything wrong with a young choreographer seeking inspiration from his masters, but if it is carried too far the masters become so dominant that the pupil looses any sort of personality.

With the latest, *Harlequin in April*, a change occurred. Like the hero of the ballet who rids himself of the vegetation that holds him back, the choreographer also has shaken off the all enfolding tentacles of his masters and emerged—Cranko. Whether these first remarkably sure steps for a new-born child become stronger until they proceed from a

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trot to a gallop, remains to be seen. But this latest work which ends his tenure of office as resident choreographer in the safe bosom of Sadler's Wells, shows that he has poetic invention, sensitivity in creating mood, and a new understanding of the choreographer's art. These gifts should serve him well when he has to fight his way in the world. Sadler's Wells having successfully completed this operation, must now look round for somebody else on whom to practice.

DENMARK is a small country but as regard to ballet she has big ideas. For several hundred years, the art has flourished and tradition has continued unbroken. But not much has been heard about it compared with other countries and apart from vague reports by people who have been there, photographs and occasional articles in magazines (two appeared in our August and September issues last year) this treasure has been confined to that piece of land between the North Sea and the Baltic.

It was a good idea to invite the English critics collectively to view the Royal Danish Ballet Festival because if the company is to appear in England it is always a help to have advice as to what the people of these islands would like to see.

The seven who set sail from Harwich on May 30, did so with a certain amount of trepidation because it is never easy to be candid to generous hosts. However for the following eight days, Copenhagen witnessed the amazing spectacle of seven hard-bitten critics in complete accord—they were delighted with almost everything they saw. The great lesson to be learnt was the value of tradition; every role, however small, has been handed down from generation to generation so that it is possible to see works presented in almost the same manner as they were a century ago. The mime, particularly of Gerda Karstens and Niels Bjorn Larsen, is something that has to be seen to be believed and makes us realise only too painfully our complete inadequacy in this branch of an art that is almost extinct.

As the company was covered so fully in the articles last year we do not intend to reiterate what has already been said but the productions that were not covered then will be dealt with in our *Dance and Dancers Abroad* columns next month.

Cover Stories

This month's cover is a Roger Wood photograph of Spanish dancer José Greco who is now appearing with his company at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

Italian born Greco began his studies of Spanish dancing in America where he met the late Argentinita, then on tour with her company. Greatly inspired by the celebrated Argentinita he continued his studies with her and eventually joined her company in which he was a soloist. He remained with the company which toured the United States, Central and South America, until the death of Argentinita in 1945. Grief stricken by her death he accompanied her body to Madrid where she was buried; presumably his first trip to Spain.

He continued dancing in the company which was headed by Argentinita's sister Pilar Lopez, until a few years ago when he formed his own. Since then he has toured on the Continent, Scandanavia and South America. His first appearance in this country was at the lecture-demonstration of Spanish Dancing at Covent Garden last year.

In 1949 he was starred in the Spanish film *Manolete*, based on the life of the bullfighter.

The photograph on this month's back cover of Rosario and Antonio is by Duncan Melvin. This world famous team is giving a long awaited season at the Cambridge Theatre, London, which began on June 14th and finishes on July 9. Their first appearance in England was on television in March of last year and they later had a season in Edinburgh during the Festival.

Born in Seville about 29 years ago, their first public performance was at the Liége Exhibition in 1928. Since then they have always danced as a team.

In 1941 they were in the film *Ziegfield Girl* and later in *Hollywood Canteen*. In 1948 they returned to Spain where they had a remarkable triumph. All the more remarkable as Spanish dancers who leave their native country for several years, particularly to go to America, are looked on with the greatest suspicion by all Spaniards. They have since been touring the world giving recitals with great success everywhere.

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Five-Year Plan Works

by CLIVE BARNES

On February 23, 1946, The Sadler's Wells Ballet transferred from its own theatre in Rosebery Avenue to The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. On April 8 of the same year a junior company made its debut at Sadler's Wells. There is not the slightest doubt that this plan has made England the ballet centre of the world as well as insuring the continuity of a ballet tradition in this country. Alexandra Danilova predicted this ascendency in 1936. Back in this country again she can see how right her prediction was.

THIS article owes its origin to a book of press-cuttings and a sonambulistic walk along St. Martin's Lane. It was the press-cutting that started it. Did you know that on the 22nd September, 1936, Alexandra Danilova attended a ballet performance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre and lost her programme? She did, and a journalist with the initials H.G. found the discarded programme and published in the following Sunday's *Observer*, notes on the company which the great ballerina was purported to have written on that document. Danilova apparently wrote, "On the whole the Sadler's Wells Ballet is a wonderful achievement. I have had a genuinely good and exciting evening. . . . It seems to me that the company has all the future before it." On the 15th May, 1951, Danilova again saw a ballet performance at the same theatre; but this time she presumably took her programme home with her. I wonder if it too had notes on it, if so I wonder what those notes were. Fifteen years is a long time, and the Sadler's Wells has gone a long way since 1936.

Since 1936: later the same day as I found this press-cutting I walked past the New Theatre in St. Martin's Lane. The stools were all in place for Guinness' Hamlet, new metal stools which, if not giving promise of pneumatic bliss, at least looked more comfortable than those wooden contraptions on which we perched precariously while waiting for the ballet performances during the War. That war-time company, small by its present-day standards, fighting for its existence, far from fabulous. It was 1945 the War ended wasn't it? 1945, and the company's return to its home at Sadler's Wells. It has gone a long way since that season at the Wells, since 1945.

RAPID GROWTH

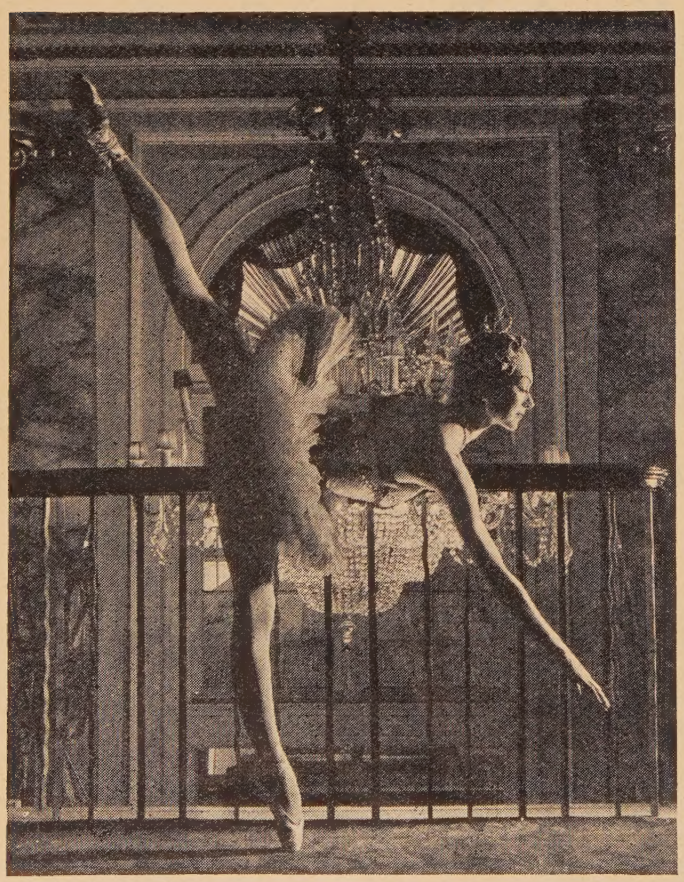
Thinking back on the war-time years and the Danilova press-cutting, I recognised emotionally something that I had always been aware of statistically; the phenomenal speed with which the Wells Organisation has grown. At home the Wells *are* a habit and we take habits very much for granted. I know I do. I see the company most nights when they are playing in London and after every performance I carefully note in my diary that this ballerina does this, that that does that, that Miss Y in the *corps de ballet* could possibly be entrusted with small solos, that Miss X could possibly be drowned in the Thames, but what I too frequently find myself forgetting is the vast general improvement that the company has made during the years.

The wonderful Fonteyn still imperceptibly improving almost from performance to performance is twenty times the dancer she was ten years ago, and now she is merely a star of particular brilliance among an entire constellation. The radiant and assured Elvin is still at the beginning of her career as a prima-ballerina, but already has few equals in contemporary ballet. Shearer and Grey are both unusually young ballerinas and if they develop as they should for the next six years or so, they too will become dancers of exceptional distinction.

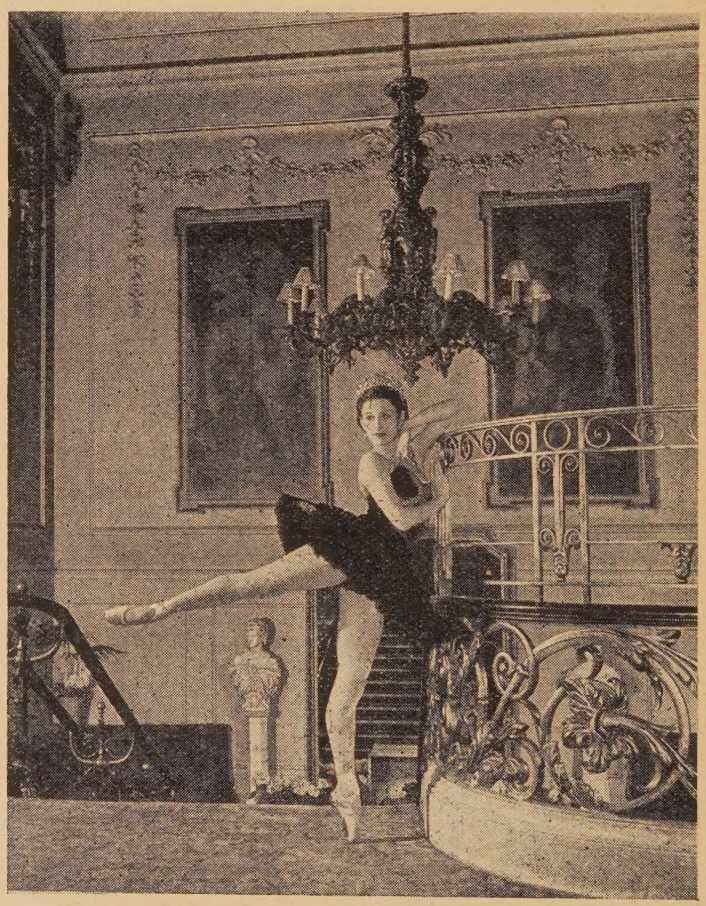
Immediately beneath these four in the company's hierarchy are a number of extremely good senior soloists, Farron, Dale, Clayden and the others. Although the quantity of promising talent among the younger girls in the organisation is probably the one cause for disquiet which we have when regarding the Wells dancers, no one could complain of the quality of dancers such as Heaton, Lindsay, Lynne (who this season has started definitely to fulfil the promise she has sporadically displayed for some years) Navarre and Nerina, or, from the Theatre Ballet, Beriosova, Fifield, Lane and Miller. Some of the other girls less in the public eye at the moment, for example Mary Drage and Pauline Harrop, also possess undoubted qualities.

It is odd to think how, so short a time ago, we had to make apologies for English male

Moira Shearer in her Ballet Imperial *costume above the Crush Bar at the Royal Opera House.*



Violetta Elvin, as the Black Swan from Lac des Cygnes, *Act* 3, *at the top of the Grand Staircase.* (*Photos: Roger Wood*)



dancing. Although we still lack a classical virtuoso of the Babileé class, there are a number of contestants for this vacant position, ranging from the hard-working Boulton to the erratic Trecu, and any one of them may one day develop into the Bluebird we have waited for so patiently. In all other directions the company's male contingent is stronger than the most jingoistic optimist would have dared hope a few years back. Somes and Field have proved themselves splendid premier danseurs and have it within them to rise still higher. The young Grant is hovering on the fringes of real greatness, and when Hart has made his dancing once more the equal of his fine partnering, he too will be a dancer of very considerable ability. What has been especially encouraging this season is not so much the improvement in most of the younger or newer members of the company (this was to be expected), but the new authority brought to their roles by some of the more experienced hands like Leslie Edwards, Paul Reymond and Franklin White.

IMPRESSIVE LOWER REACHES

Impressive too is the amount of talent, often unnoticed and frequently (perhaps too frequently) invisible, to be found in the lower reaches of the two companies. I fancy we have seen dancers of no more ability than Bryan Ashbridge, Peter Clegg, Don Gillies, Donald McAlpine and Maurice Metliss in quite senior positions in other companies. These five boys, who come from all parts of the Commonwealth, typify, no less than their possibly better-known and more fortunate colleagues, the spectacular rise of the British male dancer in recent years, which although it is in no way confined merely to the Sadler's Wells organisation and can be seen throughout British ballet, is perhaps the most striking difference between the company that opened at Covent Garden in 1946 and the two companies we have now.

No one who has watched the organisation develop during the past decade can fail to be aware that the standards of its dancing have gone up and up.

If only this could be demonstrated in some dramatic fashion to bring home its full truth to us. If only some time-machine could travel backwards and reproduce today a performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* as given at the New Theatre or, perhaps better still, as given at Covent Garden in 1946.

In the five short years since the first company opened at Covent Garden the Sadler's Wells organisation has become the most important in the Western world. The school and the two companies have won pre-eminence over all others and the dream of a British ballet which started in the minds of Ninette de Valois and Marie Rambert has become an actuality. The instrument has been created.

Just as in 1936, the organisation still has "all the future before it". What that future will bring we cannot tell. We can, of course, dream. I know that I would like to see a stronger repertory at Covent Garden, which would utilise the exceptionally fine collection of dancers the company now possesses. This repertory would naturally be based on Ashton but should ideally include works by other British choreographers, such as Tudor and Gore. The Company's repertory of the nineteenth century classics is also in desperate need of an overhaul. Without exception they need to be re-produced and re-lit. (But then everything at Covent Garden, except the Crush Bar, needs to be re-lit.) In addition to this most of them need to be re-designed and to have their choreography touched-up.

Margot Fonteyn in her first act Giselle costume, in the centre aisle of the Covent Garden stalls. In the background are the Stalls Circle and The Grand Tier. (*Photo: Roger Wood*)

LABORATORY FOR THE FUTURE

Now that it looks as though the Theatre Ballet has outgrown its nursery I have a sneaking desire to see, financial considerations permitting, the formation of a third company to perform in the opera performances at the Wells and the Garden and to give matinee performances at the Wells. This could then provide a breeding ground for young talent.

The formation of a Ballet Workshop has happily lifted the thankless responsibility for sifting untried choreographic talent off the shoulders of the Sadler's Wells organisation, but I hope that every now and then the Wells will produce an avowedly experimental work like Cranko's *Harlequin in April*. I also hope that the provinces will get a better chance to see the companies in the future, and that one day Sadler's Wells will open schools in large provincial centres.

And I hope—but I hope for so much. The important fact, apart from all hopes, is that the Wells have started this year better than ever before. The companies are strong. Things are still not perfect ; they never will be. We shall always be able to carp and criticise, always be able to give voice to our never-ceasing cries for better in the future. But just for a moment, just in honour of Festival Year, let us give one united gasp at the present achievement. Then back to the slinging of health-giving mud.

The three photographs on these two pages are taken from a new book called *The Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House*, with photographs by Roger Wood and a foreword by Ninette de Valois, D.B.E. This book which contains photographs of nearly all the dancers in the company in various parts of the Opera House, is to be published shortly by the Saturn Press at no more than 6s.

Between Heaven and Charing Cross

by Peter Williams

Continuing our series of stories about those behind the ballet, we take you to the *Boutique Fantasque* where Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont reign over a kingdom that extends thousands of miles beyond the two diminutive rooms and mysterious basement in Charing Cross Road. From this palace, the greatest sense written about ballet has emanated.

A STRANGER wandering down Charing Cross Road—that incongruous thoroughfare where spivs, pin-table saloons and bookshops herd together in strange harmony—might pass number 75, look back for a moment and wonder at the clutter of books in the window on one subject. If he was unobservant, he might take this for an ordinary bookshop and go in to ask for a book on, say, mechanical engineering. The reply to his enquiry would be polite but firm; "I'm sorry but we don't stock that kind of book, you see we specialise in works on art and ballet".

If it was a man who made this statement and he wore his white hair *en brosse*, then it is possible that the mention of mechanical engineering would hold nostalgic memories for him. Cyril W. Beaumont started life with the idea of doing something in this field, or rather his father had these ideas for him.

DETECTIVES AND CHEMICALS

Today this tiny shop in which six people find it difficult to turn round, is the Mecca of all those with an interest in the dance, for not only does it sell every known book on the subject, but there is always the hope that for the price of an inexpensive magazine it may be possible to converse with the man who has done more than anybody in this century to record contemporary ballet and reconstruct the glories of the past. There is no country in the world where C.W.B. is not held in the highest regard by those who dance and those who watch. But the road to this exalted position has been long and arduous and not just a matter of sitting in number 75, selling books, writing at leisure, chatting to dancers, and spending five nights a week in the theatre.

The Beaumont family lived at Stroud Green, North London, and here Cyril's early life was dominated by his father who was an inventor and mechanical engineer. Frequently the ginger-headed boy was asked to hold electrical contrivances while his father conducted an experiment, and although he obediently did as he was told he never cared for these performances; he would have much rather been reading the stories of Sherlock Holmes. However, probably under the influence of the great fictitious detective, he developed an interest in chemistry. This was encouraged by his father who called in a tutor and Cyril worked hard to pass his examinations with a view to becoming a research chemist. But although he was successful his heart was not really in this work as he hated mathematics (a hate which has remained with him to this day as it is usually Mrs. Beaumont or an assistant who makes out the accounts).

LITERARY PALMYRA

Walking down Charing Cross Road one day, he happened to go into a second-hand bookshop owned by a Mr. Godwin. After that he paid frequent visits until it began to dawn on him that book-selling was a nice palmy life. He thought it would be wonderful to work amongst the books he loved, reading most of them and occasionally selling. He put the question to his father who did not care for the idea at all but feeling that it was something for Cyril to do, agreed to him serving a six month's apprencticeship.

Looking back on this time, C.W.B. admits that although he had only his pocket money to live on he did very little work and spent most of the day playing draughts. At the age of 19 he still thought it a comfortable profession and he had recently met Alice Beha who frequently came to the shop on business from another bookseller. Though he did not know it at the time it was this lady, eventually to become Mrs. C. W. Beaumont, who brought ballet into his life and also to 75 Charing Cross Road.

Not long after this, C.W.B's father bought the shop as Mr. Godwin wished to sell and in this shop they started their married life as booksellers. Life was not easy for them as they had very little captial and there were many hardships to overcome. Nor were things made easier by Father Beaumont who, although he did not care for bookselling, was in the habit of buying odd quantities of unsaleable books on a quite incongruous assortment of subjects; all of which hampered their ambition to specialise in literature of the eighteen-nineties and other rare first editions.

PAVLOVA UNHERALDED

Although C.W.B. visited the ballets at the Empire and Alhambra, it was his wife who insisted on him seeing Pavlova at the Palace Theatre in 1910. Had she not been so insistent it is quite possible that the course of ballet in recent years might have been very different. There is not the slightest doubt that the books written by C.W.B. have fostered an interest in the art that has helped to bridge the lean years; the historical knowledge made available to everyone is the chief reason for the amazing popularity of the classics today.

But in 1910 he was not so sure about it and very reluctantly he accompanied his wife to see Pavlova and Mordkin. Recalling his first experience of Russian Ballet he becomes dreamy-eyed—"such dancers had never been seen before".

If this was a revelation, those sharp eyes opened even wider in the following year with the first English appearance of the Diaghilev Ballet. It is hard to understand in these days, when most companies enshrine only two or three stars, that the first major company to leave Russia consisted of picked dancers from Moscow and St. Petersburg—all stars in their own right.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

These dancers, the staggering settings, and the quite new conception of ballet, completely carried the Beaumonts away so that, though they could ill-afford it, they booked seats for every performance; occasionally Mrs. Beaumont was left behind to mind the shop.

Cyril Beaumont at his desk
(Photo: G. B. L. Wilson)

Feverishly they searched for books on the subject that so enthralled them, but in those days there were few, if any. They bought the Souvenir programmes that appeared each season. These were eagerly sought by the first English balletomanes; as soon as they were published they were seized upon, poured over, and discussed for hours. C.W.B. decided to import them and they established him as a seller of ballet books.

Gradually the Beaumonts were becoming enmeshed in the web that catches all those who become interested in the fatal but exciting art—they were beginning to know the dancers personally. They both made the acquaintance of Karsavina who autographed a photograph of herself in *Pavilion d'Armide*. Adolph Bolm went to the shop in Charing Cross Road in search of books and his friendship did more than anything else to help C.W.B. acquire an early knowledge of the art he has done so much to pass on to others. He also acquired a knowledge of ballet technique from his friendship with Maestro Enrico Cecchetti.

BOOKS AND MORE

His interest in the art of Nijinsky, led him to Paris where he persuaded François Bernouard, director of La Belle Edition, to print for him the English edition of *Vingt Dessins sur Vaslav Nijinsky* by George Barbier. After that the flood-gates opened and this was followed by a series of hand-coloured books on the most important Diaghilev ballets, all kinds of publications devoted to Ballet and Theatre, the starting of the Beaumont Press, all of which is as well-known to the ballet lover as the private life of a ballerina. Through it all C.W.B., though personally known to every dancer, has managed to keep aloof from the intrigue that surrounds the theatre. Through the years he has retained a dignity that should be an example to everyone, yet he is always there to offer good advice to dancers of every age; his criticism being fair, considered, unbiased and constructive. He stands on a pedestal above the milling throng, a pedestal far nearer heaven than Charing Cross.

Choreographic duel in ancient opera

by DAVID HUNT

On Tuesday, May 1, the English Opera Group tried the experiment of presenting Monteverdi's *Combattimento* with the famous duel fought by two dancers. Is this the solution for producing this beautiful, but almost unproducible, opera?

Clorinda (Sara Luzita) receives the fatal blow from Tancredi (Tutte Lemkow).

Monteverdi's version of Tasso's poem about the Christian knight who mistakenly kills the girl he loves under the impression that she is a Saracen champion, was first given in 1626 in much the same way that it was given by The English Opera Group. Only in the original production the combatants were played by actors. History tells that the audience on this occasion was moved to tears and applause by this new sort of entertainment. (Photo: Duncan Melvin)

WHEN the English Opera Group revived Monteverdi's 300-years-old *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, enthusiasts were able to look back at the beginnings of ballet as well as of opera.

In the days when the *Combattimento* was written, before the "split" which gave birth to ballet as a separate art, singers danced and mimed the action as well; today they usually —wisely perhaps—stick to their singing.

The *Combattimento* is a setting of part of Tasso's poem, *Jerusalem Delivered*, and tells of the Christian knight Tancredi, who challenges a Saracen warrior to combat, not recognising beneath the armour his beloved Clorinda. She is on foot, he is on horseback; he dismounts and they fight until she is mortally wounded. Granting her dying wish to be baptised, the heart-broken knight discovers his tragic mistake.

Scored for three singers, harpsichord and string orchestra, the work is a madrigal or cantata for dramatic performance, and caused a sensation when it was first produced in Venice in 1626. Never before had such drama and realism been presented in music, music which can still move by its emotional content.

This, by the way, is the same "Duel" which has been seen as a ballet by William Dollar to music by Rafaello Di Banfield, danced by both the Ballets de Paris and the New York City Ballet in London. In Dollar's version, however, the combat took place on horseback, and the story was used for a choreographic essay in trotting and cantering, in the *Billy the Kid* tradition.

The new production put the singers in the orchestra pit and the dancers on the stage, miming the action; and Monteverdi's original Narrator was retained on the stage, describing the progress of the battle.

Walter Gore was given a difficult task in devising choreography which had to effect a compromise between the static mime of the sixteenth century and the elaborate vocabulary of movement expected by a modern audience. The combination of dancing and the human voice have, in the past, produced some queer mixtures; but Gore has already shown in his *Confessional* that some unity is possible. But in the *Combattimento* the task was made even more difficult because the action is not continuous, being punctuated by long passages of description from the Narrator.

Considering the limitations imposed on him, Gore has succeeded admirably where another might have been content to accentuate the quaintness of the music in the modern theatre, or to stress his own talent for "inventive" movement.

Instead, he has used simple and imaginative movements which parallel the music with great clarity. In the beginning, the repeated chords in "horse" rhythm are exactly echoed in Tancredi's stylised gallop; and although the combat itself moves slowly, the fury and clashing of swords is wonderfully suggested.

Tutti Lemkow and Sara Luzita did well in —for modern dancers—such strange surroundings; Piper's décor was well-conceived; Clorinda's costume was not quite as successful as her opponent's; nor was the back-drop as good as the front. But the designer had to face the difficulty that anything too positive would have distracted attention from the protagonists.

Although the production was an interesting experience, it could hardly be called completely successful, and the gramophone remains the ideal method of hearing this lovely music.

Walter Gore agrees that the *Combattimento* does not quite "come off" as a piece of modern theatre; but he believes that, on a larger stage, its effectiveness might be increased. He suggests that the Narrator might be placed on a higher level backstage, lit so that only head and shoulders were visible. By careful use of lighting, so that the fighters emerge from the shadow only when called on by the music to carry the action forward, they might be brought more fully to life. That the Lyric production almost achieved this suggests the possibility that Gore may be right.

Speak Up!

KATE KISSERS IN ARMS

SIR,—I am about to pull down the "High Altars" built by Peter Williams to the American Musical Comedy. Before we all go down on our knees after reading of his meeting with Hanya Holm and his discussion about *Kiss me Kate*, I would like to offer a few true facts as a sort of final sacrifice.

I am a dancer in *Kiss me Kate* and therefore consider that I have some authority to speak.

If good dancers are hard to find in London, it is not through lack of dancers but lack of pennies to pay for them. That we "lack the technique and vitality of Americans" is, to the more intelligent of our dancing chorus, a compliment. It is an unfortunate truth that some American dancers and some Americanised British dancers cover up a complete lack of technique by a very false personality.

When you come to the Coliseum you must not be bluffed by the bright lights and unimaginative glare of the costumes and decor, nor must you be bluffed by the sparkle of a vulgarised Shakespearian play. When you have looked beyond the tinsel, you will find this quick-fire musical to be just another cartload of American bosh.

This sort of thing is now so openly welcomed by the British even to the fanatical extent of building altars. The American way of life has penetrated all our stages—The Sadler's Wells not being the least. The Wells have polished up their technique until they seem to have polished it right away and we are left with a bag of tricks. Even the Royal Academy of Dancing seems to have been bitten by this bug and I am not sure which way to turn. Because I turn to American musicals does not mean that I wish to do this, but I must eat bread.

So if you have been bluffed into building an altar, I advise you to pull it down immediately. We will come to realise that true dancing is something far more rare and precious than anything the Americans have to offer. There is too much bluff in the air.

I have written this letter on behalf of two other un-Americanised dancers in the show.—KISS ME KATE, *London Coliseum, St. Martins Lane.*

IT is not my practice to publish letters that have not actual names attached to them, but as this particular letter reveals a rather disturbing tendency, I intend to take Editor's privilege and reply immediately.

The three Kate Kissers who are so disturbed about the British attitude towards American musicals appear to be very concerned with high altars. Had they carefully read my article on page 7 and 8 of the May issue, they would realise that the only high altars that caused me concern were those that the Americans frequently appear to be building to their own modern dance. Any altar I might build to the American musical would not be more than a few inches from the ground if that. I respect this form of entertainment for what it is—good light theatre. There are thousands of people working hard all day who need relaxation and this is where they get it. I would say that the Three Kate Kissers are building little altars of their own because in company with many others of their profession they have forgotten that the theatre is primarily a place where people are, or should, be entertained.

Nobody is fooled by the bright lights of *Kiss me Kate* or any other American musical, but on the other side of the Atlantic they have found a formula for good light theatre, which once was in the hands of Coward and Novello over here. *Kiss me Kate* is not a particularly satisfactory example of how good this formula can be—*Oklahoma* is probably the best.

It is true that the Americans have sacrificed many things for the sake of technique but this is only a stage in their development and true art will come later, it is not easy to remember that they are the youngest race in the world where dancing and ballet are concerned. But to decry anything that Sadler's Wells acquired from the Americans is absurd. Perhaps the Kate Kissers have not watched the development of Sadler's Wells for as long as I have (which is from the very beginning) and this new polish is just what was needed to make it what will probably be the greatest company in the world.

Nobody has adversely criticised the dancers in *Kiss me Kate* and most people think that Anne Lascelles is excellent. The choreography is so good that even if the pennies were not forthcoming the result is satisfactory enough. I cannot see why anybody should object so strongly to dancing in these shows because although it must be very boring to dance the same thing night after night it is no worse than standing around for hours and hours in *Sleeping Beauty*. Great artists believe in everything they do—Novello in Ruritanian high jinks, Dorothy Ward in her fairyland adventures—this sincerity makes good theatre but nobody should lose sight of the fact that it is all a lot of hokum. If the Kate Kissers don't like hokum and bluff, then the theatre is obviously not the place for them.

Peter Williams

Madame Nora. (*Photo: Oukhtomsky*)

Elephants and Pigeons

by DAVID RAHER

In Paris, ballet studios like fashion houses are subject to vogue. No smart woman would ever dispute the quality of a Schiaparelli or Balenciaga creation, but at the same time she is drawn to the novelty of Christian Dior. In the same way, Parisian dancers whose unsworn testimony to the greatness of celebrated teachers like Preobajenska, Egorova and Volinine is an accepted fact frequently stray to the less hallowed but more fashionable ground of the new generation of teachers.

Madame Nora's studio at the Salle Wacker in Paris is such a one. Curiosity to confirm rumours about her unconventional teaching methods prompted our Foreign Editor to visit her studio.

NORA KISS has her *elephants* and *pigeons*. " *What*! You don't know what my *elephants* and *pigeons* are ? " Astonished, coal black eyes glared at me incredulously. Then a smile spread lazily over the vast terrain of her face like the opening of a peacock's tail. " Tell him what my elephants and pigeons are ! " she rasped, turning to Marise Desevres, one of her pupils who sat next to her. I could tell by the expression on Marise's face that she belonged to one of the two categories but wasn't quite sure which. She lowered her eyes modestly, smiled uncertainly and said, " Hmmn . . . ? "

" Alright, *I'll* tell you." Mme. Nora said, with an air of resignation. Like a singer who has been coaxed into giving an encore. " My *elephants* are the eleven o'clock class, girls who are rather heavily built and unlikely to become ballerinas but who absorb my instructions and do most things correctly." She chuckled, amused by her own candidness. " The *pigeons* . . . how shall I tell you . . . are the pretty young things, with nice figures who flit around the classroom doing everything wonderfully, with style, expression and irresponsible airs. These dancers don't remember from one day to the next what I have taught them." She drew heavily on her cigarette, tilted her head back sharply and exhaled. Then turning to Marise she laughed hoarsely. " It's true, isn't it ? " Marise, who understood very little English, smiled noncommitally and nodded.

" *They* are my twelve o'clock class." said Mme. Nora, punctuating that last with a firm nod of her head.

Improbable Name

Nora Kiss (née Adamian) is Mme. Nora to dancers who frequent Salle Wacker in Paris. The improbable name of Kiss she acquired through marriage ; I congratulate myself on being one of the few people around who know it.

But why go on about Mme. Nora in this way ? Nothing extraordinary in her background. She started dancing late ; had a crack at the de Basil Ballets Russe in its early days and then decided to give it up for teaching. A Volinine pupil, she is also the niece of Mme. Roussen, a ballet teacher of some repute with headquarters at Salle Wacker.

I'd heard Hightower remark about Nora, " She is one of the best teachers in Paris ! " Other dancers, of less repute, nod their heads affirmatively whenever her name is mentioned.

Third Degree !

So, one day I sauntered into her *pigeon* class as inconspicuously as possible—I thought . . .? The *elephants* were milling around aimlessly ; hastily grabbing last minute *pirouettes* before leaving, in front of the huge mirror or paying their fees to Mme. Nora, herself. Above the din of voices I could hear a few straggly bars of music and saw an odd number of dancers doing *plies* in second position with their backs to the *barre*. Obviously class was in session. That is, the *pigeons* were beginning to rustle their underwings. I straddled into position nervously and before my ankles had a chance to roll over (I was mid way between *demi* and *grand plie*) the fresh calm that had meanwhile settled over the classroom, with the departure of the eleven o'clock *elephants*, was shattered by Mme. Nora's saw-like voice demanding of me. " Don't I know you ? "

At that moment everything contracted—including my brain. So that I was frozen in that in between position like a mechanical toy unwound. All eyes pivoted while *plies* continued with exaggerated conscientiousness. I could hear eardrums straining over the piano noises while red cells scurried, like actors after cues, to give my face the *blush*. I explained to Mme. Nora quickly, despising my shameless lack of poise, that I had been to her studio while passing through Paris in 1947.

" *Aha* ! " her face lit up in Sherlock Holmes fashion, " I *knew* I'd seen you before. I *never* forget a face ! What are you doing now? " she went on relentlessly. By this time the class was wheezing and puffing through *rond de jambes parterre*. As briefly and as inaudibly as I could manage I informed her of my new profession—" I was no longer dancing but writing about the dance." She eyed me with some misgiving, even suspicion I thought, and suddenly her manner became brisker, her voice sharper as the *pigeons* lazily relaxed into loose *fifths*, bent knees when straight ones were required and a tendency to let their stomachs sag.

Eyes That Brood

Then she left me and sauntered back to her chair in front of the mirror. There was something sombre, even fatalistic in her thick black hair piled high on top of her head, the simple black frock and the brooding black eyes. But you quickly forget it when your eyes fall upon her bright anklets (I thought of *whoopee socks* that were popular in America in the '30's), the only touch of colour in her costume; or when she makes a caustic remark to a pupil who should know better and then bursts into her cackling laugh, as if to soften the blow. I don't think she could be nasty even if she tried.

Star-lit Studio

The studio, bright with a high ceiling, and almost a solid wall of window panes, was peopled that day by some well known dancers. Skouratoff, in knee length tights which made his legs look rather skinny, soared and beat his way around the studio in a casual almost indifferent manner. René Bon, who had just left the de Cuevas company, seriously discussed the outline of an *enchainement* with Nora then proceeded to dance it brilliantly.

(*continued on next page*)

Madame Nora and Leo De Pian watching Skouratoff jumping in the Salle Wacker studio. (*Photo: Oukhtomsky*)

Music . . . . . by EVAN SENIOR

OIL AND WATER

Like Ballet and Opera, these two liquids just don't mix. Our music critic went to the film of Offenbach's *Tsale of Hoffmann* and came away with the feeling that ballet had overstepped herself.

EVERY now and then some particular art-form or other, riding on the crest of a wave of popular hysteria and acclaim, does exactly what we have seen dictators in the political field do in recent times—it gets a little too big for its boots.

This inclination becomes all the more pronounced when the art concerned runs short of original ideas. Just as a dictator, when cheered by the mob, begins to think that he can do anything in the world, so an art that becomes bankrupt of originality begins to think that it is the ultimate in expression, and that everything that has been done in the past can be done again, and better, by its own means.

Ballet, in the light of recent events, is very much in danger of slipping into this decadent role. It is not particularly easy to define its limits; one cannot say with certainty what ballet should do: but it is not very difficult to say what it should *not* do. And one of the things it should not do is opera. And, further, one of the operas it should not do is *The Tales of Hoffmann*.

The Tales of Hoffmann is a delightful little work, of no great value in the realm of opera, but at least a gem in itself. It is complete—it says what it has to say and tells its stories in charming music, clearly and simply and with little fuss. The job has been done and done well.

Now we have ballet and its addicts and promoters coming along, and saying, in effect, "This isn't sufficient—it needs something more. . . ." And so, in the film, we have music and ballet once more wedded in what has turned out to be an unholy alliance.

But I want to make one thing quite clear. I am not, in this examination, criticising the ballet any more than the opera: I am denouncing the alliance. It is no denigration of either oil or water to assert that they do not mix.

The opera, as far as it goes, is very good oil; the ballet section, which includes the balletic miming, is very pleasant water; the mixture results in a jumble which is neither one thing nor the other.

Listening, after I had seen the film, to a broadcast discussion of it, I heard the one musician on the panel of critics agree with me when he said, rather wearily, "I closed my eyes and found that I quite enjoyed it."

That is precisely what I did for a lot of the time, and during those periods I enjoyed myself thoroughly in a splendid performance of the opera. Every time I opened my eyes and tried to listen, something of importance was interrupted by some extravagant conception in movement. I was not allowed to listen to more than a couple of bars of music without some distracting movement intervening, without Shearer's or Tcherina's legs or Helpmanns' eyes.

I suppose that we must accept, in ballet, the idea that nobody must stand still for more than a bar or two of music unless the audience is to be bored stiff. There must be movement all the time, whether it means anything or not; and in that lies one of the great weaknesses of the choreographic art.

But in music the same thing does not hold good. And in the combination of drama and music which is opera, the music itself can carry things forward, can provide on its own all the interest necessary at certain points.

In *The Tales of Hoffmann*, those concerned with arranging the betrothal of the opera to ballet have not realised this. They not only refused to listen to what the music was saying, but apparently they were determined not to let anybody else listen, either.

Opera has a long and distinguished history, using conventions which we who think in terms of music have come to accept. The displays and cadenzas in which operatic sopranos indulge are not meaningless for us: Olympia's mechanical trills and coloratura fireworks convey something in themselves, and to me, for one, they convey the idea of a deception by a mechanical doll far better than the more lifelike choreography allotted to Miss Shearer in her dancing interpretation of the role. After all, Hoffmann is the one who is being deceived in the opera; there is no intention of deceiving the audience.

But even in an audience, we like a certain amount of deception, and it would have been much more interesting—and artistically complete—if Miss Shearer had given us the idea that she was singing; instead, as soon as the dancing reached a point where its protagonists decided that it was carrying the action, the voice continued to pour from the screen and Miss Shearer determinedly shut her lips tightly and concentrated on her toes. No doubt the ballet fans heard little of what she was "singing" anyway and stared at her feet. I'm afraid I shut my eyes again and listened.

I'm not a purist in such things. I do not insist that *all* music, as such, is sacred and has said the last word on what it purports to convey. I don't even assert that Offenbach was a great composer and that his music must never be lifted out of its intended context. A great artist and choreographer like Massine has shown that it can be done, and done with benefit to ballet.

But ballet—and those of its practitioners who are not great and original artists in their own right—must call a halt somewhere to these pretensions and ambitions. To recognise one's limitations is no sign of weakness in an art or an artist; rather is it a source of interior strength. Pliny's proverbial cobbler was not being told that he couldn't make shoes when the sculptor Appelles, irritated at his boot-maker's criticisms of a statue, made the remark that has lasted for two thousand years: "Let the cobbler stick to his last."

Incidentally, for those who want to hear the opera without having to close their eyes, much of the sound-track has been recorded. Sir Thomas Beecham's direction of the music is a masterpiece of understanding and delicate wit, and the singing brings the characters to life—at least, to my ears far more than the film did to my eyes.

(continued from previous page)

Lesser satellites of the de Cuevas company were scattered about the room still, it seemed, encased in the gloom that followed their recent stormy departure from its ranks.

I tried to orient the reason why dancers were particularly attracted to Mme. Nora's classes. The system of training was not unlike the host of other Russian teachers (Preobajenska, Egorova, etc.) who either taught at Salle Wacker or in the vicinity. The difference, I concluded, was in her manner, which simulates confidence.

No problem of technique or style is insurmountable and is approached calmly, and analytically. No dogma here. The pupil, I noticed, has as much right to an opinion as the teacher; and Nora, who knows that she can sometimes be wrong, admits her mistakes graciously. The result is a more intimate, more co-operative relationship between teacher and pupil; and eliminates by its effectiveness the doggerel of old school ballet teachers, whose word is generally law.

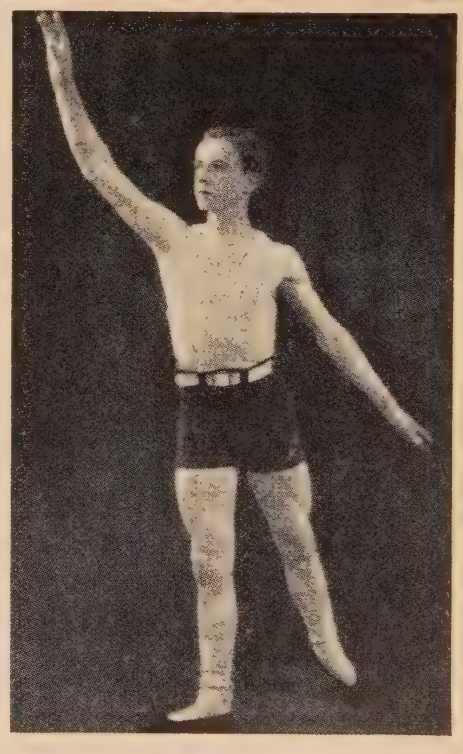
"You boys do *pas de chat* like girls," she charged us beratingly, "Jump! for God's sake!!" And when we *jumped* the truth was shamefully driven home to us. But some of the other boys jumped the way men should and the pleasure reflected in her eyes was catalytic—we jumped for all we were worth.

"If teaching can be summed up in a phrase," she confided after class (we were having beefsteaks in Salle Wacker's first floor restaurant), "the rule I stick to is *the right position in the right plie*!" She raised piercing dark eyes until they receded slightly into their sockets, merging with the bushy black line of her eyebrows. After a moment's consideration, for although she spoke English fluently she uses it rarely, she nodded her head emphatically, broke into a captivating smile and said: "Yes! You can quote me!"

Backward Glances. 3.

THE photograph on the right shows Harold Turner in 1927. To-day he is appearing as Orlando, the Marmalade cat, in the open-air amphitheatre in Festival Gardens.

Originally studied dancing with Marie Rambert. Partnered Karsavina in *Le Spectre de la Rose* in 1930. Created many roles in the early days of Rambert Ballet. One of the first principal male dancers of the Vic-Wells company. Left Sadler's Wells for a time and joined International Ballet. Served in the army during the war. Returned to Sadler's Wells in 1945 and remained there until last year.



Igor Youskevitch and Alicia Alonso in the pas de deux *from the second movement.* (*Photos: George Karger*)

New Ballets CONCERTO

First given by Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on April 9, 1951. Choreography by William Dollar; music by Chopin (Piano Concerto No. 2 in F minor); decor and costumes by Robert Davison.

CAST

Alicia Alonso, Igor Youskevitch ;
Norma Vance, Lillian Lanese, Paula Lloyd, Liane Plane, Dorothy Scott.
Misses Baker, Balzer, Barnes, Grant, Hollar, Popper, Velez, Workman, Messrs. Asmus, Beaber, Brown, Burdick, Hanlin, Lland, Martinez, Nault.

THIS classic ballet of purely abstract conception has no other end but to delineate the fragile grace of the celebrated F minor concerto. Yet it is impregnated with romantic idealism characteristic of the genius of Chopin, especially in the " Larghetto ", so tender in its emotion, dedicated to the young Polish singer at the Warsaw concervatory, Constantia Gladowska, whom the composer passionately adored although he had never met her. The " Larghetto " is Constantia muiscally idealized. " Unbearable longing " he wrote his friend Titus, drove him into exile.

THIS ballet under the title of *Constantia* was originally created by William Dollar for Ballet International in 1944. It was later taken into the repertoire of the De Cuevas Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo and in that form and with that company it will always be associated with Rosella Hightower and André Eglevsky. The former having been frequently heard to say that it was the ballet she liked to dance more than any other.

The new version has been restudied and enlarged and although it still tells no story it is inspired by the romantic background of the French Directoire neo-classic period of 1830, when Chopin composed the concerto.

William Dollar was born in East St. Louis in 1912, and from an early age he worked in his parent's business thus having little time or opportunity to learn much about art or the dance. Inspired and guided by a dance magazine, he started to teach himself and eventually earned a scholarship in a local professional school as well as appearing in a local summer theatre. Although in his early years he suffered many disappointments and set-backs, his perseverance and courage overcame everything.

On his arrival in New York he entered Mordkin's school and company and later studied with Volinine in Paris. He joined the American School of Ballet and came under the influence of George Balanchine. Among other companies, he has danced with the Fokine Ballet, Ballet Theatre, Ballet Caravan, Ballet International.

His first attempt at choreography was *Promenade* (to Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*) for Ballet Caravan in 1936. His most recent work being *Le Combat*, to Rafaello di Banfield's score for Ballets de Paris. Last year this was restaged for New York City Ballet under the title of *The Duel*.

Robert Davison, who was responsible for the new decor, was born in Long Beach, California in 1922. Twenty years later he began his career as a set designer for Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His first work for the theatre was for the Broadway production of *Song of Norway* and for Ethel Barrymore's vehicle *Embezzled Heaven*, both in 1944. In 1945 he did the scenery for the Broadway musical *The Day Before Spring* and the Lunt-Fontanne play *O Mistress Mine*, the year following did scenery and effects for the Orson Welles extravaganza *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and for the pageant *A Flag Is Born;* and in 1947 did scenery and costumes for ANTA'S production of *Galileo* starring Charles Laughton. For the ballet he has designed Todd Bolender's *Comedia Balletica* (Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo 1945) and Ruthanna Boris' *Cirque de Deux* and *Quelque Fleurs* for the same company.

THE THIEF WHO LOVED A GHOST

(AN ENTERTAINMENT)

First given by Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on April 11, 1951. Choreography by Herbert Ross and John Ward; music by Weber; (arranged and orchestrated by Hersky Kay); decor and costumes by John Ward.

CAST

The Thief	John Kriza
Detectives	Eric Braun, Jack Beaber
Mme. Carlotta	Ilona Murai
Isobelle (The Ghost)	Ruth Ann Koesun
Fiona	Lucia Chase
Policemen	Ralph McWilliams, William Inglis

THE Thief makes his hideout in the home of Madame Carlotta and her mad sister Fiona (ex-ballerinas). Madame Carlotta has been coaching her young niece, Isobelle, in the role of a ghost in order to separate the thief from his loot. While Isobelle is being forced to deceive him she falls in love with him and when he is caught by the detectives she finds a way to rescue him.

The Thief (John Kriza) rides away with the Ghost Isobelle (Ruth Ann Koesun). (Photo: George Karger)

THIS new work by Herbert Ross and John Ward had its first performance last year by a group known as the Ross-Ward Ballet D'Action at Jacob's Pillow. The work has been completely revised and Herchy Kay has arranged and orchestrated some music drawn from Weber's works instead of the Julian Freedman music that was originally used. The scenery and costumes have also been re-designed by John Ward. When their first ballet to reach international fame, *Caprichos*, was given by Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden last summer, it aroused great interest owing to its new approach to an unpleasant theme; it was exciting and original.

Herbert Ross' first interest was the theatre and he toured the south in Shakespeare plays. At the age of seventeen he came to New York and danced in various musicals including *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*, *Bloomer Girl* and *Inside U.S.A.* He became first interested in ballet when he went to see Ballet Theatre in Florida and he went on as a super in *Princess Aurora*, playing the role of the King. His first attempt at choreography was at the summer home of Doris Humphrey —to Paul White arrangement of folk tunes, he created *Sea Chanties*.

At the Hunter Playhouse last year, his collaboration with designer John Ward started. For Choreographer's Workshop their *Caprichos* was first given and later it had several performances in New York. The success of this lead to it going into the Ballet Theatre repertoire and after that they started a group of their own. As well as *The Thief* they also gave *Pierrot and The Moon*, an allegory to Stravinsky's *Symphony in Three Movements*; and *Ross House*, a Japanese fable to a Ravel score. In October, 1950, the three ballets were given a performance sponsored by Choreographer's Workshop at the YMHA Auditorium in New York.

In addition to his choreographic collaboration with Herbert Ross, 26-year-old **John Ward** has designed the scenery and costumes for *The Thief Who Loved a Ghost*. Born in New York, he received his education at the Monastery College, St. Bonaventure, and studied painting and drawing with Hubert Landau, and received his ballet training from Helene Platova and Caird Leslie.

The two ex-ballerinas, Fiona and Carlotta. Left, Fiona (Lucia Chase) who is the mad sister. Right, Carlotta (Ilona Murai) who coaches Isobelle to play the ghost in order to get the loot away from the thief. Photos: George Karger

HARLEQUIN IN APRIL

First given by Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Tuesday, May 8. Choreography by John Cranko; Music by Richard Arnell; Decor and costumes by John Piper.

Prologue—*Pierrot's Song* .. .. Stanley Holden
Pierrot is the fool, the human muddler, sometimes likeable, sometimes interfering.

Act 1. April. Harlequin here represents human aspiration re-born with the flowers in April. This aspiration makes it possible for him to break away from the plants, who are earthbound and self-sufficient.
Harlequin .. .. David Blair
Plants .. .. Particia Miller, Maureen Bruce, Stella Farrance, Pauline Harrop, Maryon Lane, David Gill, Don Gillies, Pirmin Trecu.

Entracte .. .. Pierrot's Violin Concerto

Act 2. The Sky. The Unicorn, traditional guardian of chastity, represents the barrier which separates Harlequin from the perpetual promise of Columbine, his ideal.
Columbine .. .. Patricia Miller
The Unicorn .. .. Maurice Metliss, David Poole
Magical Duplications of the Unicorn: Don Gillies, David Gill, Donald McAlpine, Pirmin Trecu, Peter Wright, Shirley Bishop, Joan Cadzow, Sara Neil.

Epilogue .. .. Pierrot's Masquerade

The Ballet was inspired by the lines from T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* which run—

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain. . . .
What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats.
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. . . .

Pierrot (Stanley Holden) clothes Harlequin (David Blair) in the coat that makes him a re-born man. (*Photo : Baron*)

CHOREOGRAPHY

THE ballet is not so much based on as prefaced and illuminated by a quotation from Eliot's *The Waste Land.* The theme of the ballet could perhaps be expressed as the ultimate futility of man's aspirations. The treatment is symbolic. The ballet is the most ambitious that Cranko has attempted ; ideas are his medium, the sky in his canvas. The work has sincerity and no trace of that mawkish self-consciousness that frequently wrecks British attempts at symbolism.

The idea behind the work is excellent, but unfortunately the choreography is not always up to its creator's inspiration of the ballet as a whole. It is as though his creative energy was so taken up with the ballet's literary conception, that not quite sufficient was left for the actual choreography. Occasionally his dances seem tame and uninspired, and he has added but little to Fokine's statement of Harlequin in terms of the dance. Sometimes the choreography seems to bear scant regard to the music and Arnell's score is made almost inaudible by the clash of Cranko's symbols. A further fault is that Cranko is sometimes betrayed into a chi-chi cliché, for example the scare-crow Columbine, whose skeleton is wood and whose flesh is sausages. This is the kind of stage trick that is better left to the more pretentious exponents of poetic drama.

But what is good is very good. The *pas de deux* for Harlequin and one of the plants after Act One's rite of spring, has an agonised but splendid poignancy, The battle with the Unicorns in Act Two is a fine piece of dance-theatre, a stage picture of rare excitement. It is the flashes of true creative ability such as these which make one regret the ballet's shortcomings all the more. There are few choreographers capable of so fine a ballet as the one which Cranko came within an ace of making.

Most ballets produced by either of the Wells companies are embellished, and sometimes saved, by the quality of the performance which they receive. Yet in this production I felt that the choreographer has made rather too severe demands upon his cast. David Blair (Harlequin) is, at this stage of his development, much more the superbly accomplished technician than the consummate interpretive artist. His Harlequin, almost of necessity, lacked the depth which further stage experience would have brought it. His characterisation was lost in the welter of difficult, and meticulously performed, dancing the choreographer allocated to him. Cranko's conception of Pierrot, as a Dogberry-Sancho Panza sort of a fellow, relied too much on the mimic abilities of Stanley Holden, who had he been given more to do could probably have done it. Patricia Miller, the eternal Columbine, had less responsibility thrust upon her and acquitted herself admirably.

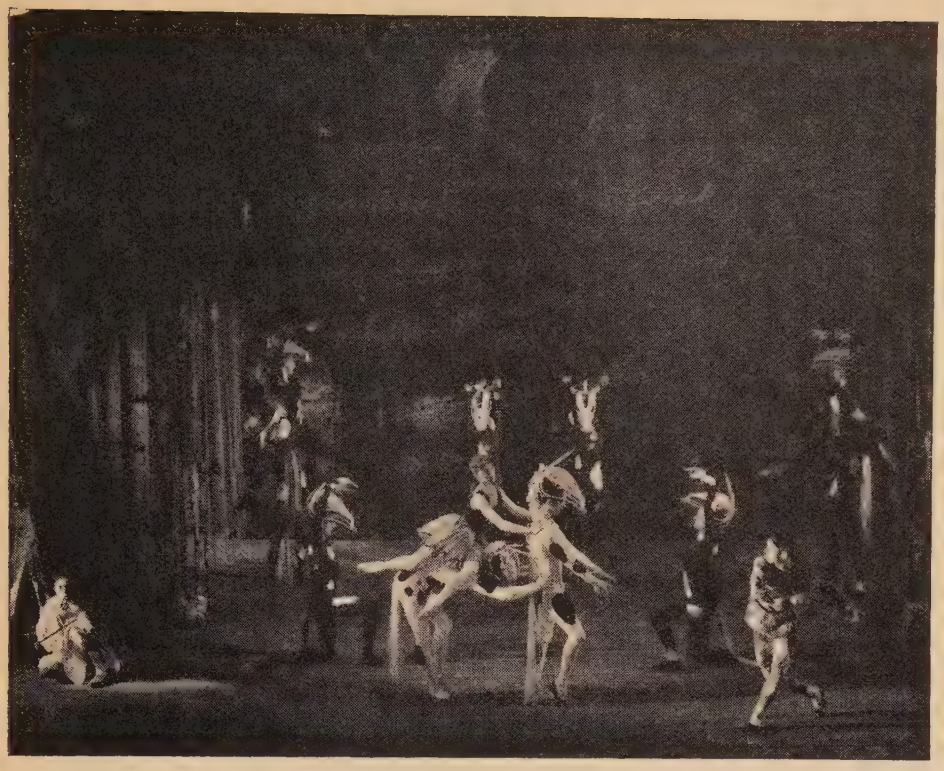
Harlequin in April is not as successful a ballet as *Pineapple Poll*, but has more originality of conception. With this work Cranko has more fully revealed his potentiality. He may be regarded as standing in much the same position as was Petit after the creation of *Les Amours de Jupiter*. Let us hope that Cranko makes better use of his advantages than did the French choreographer.

Clive Barnes.

MUSIC

I do not know of the processes of construction which led to the creation of *Harlequin in April*, but the evidence of results seems to point to a much greater degree of collaboration

Harlequin frees himself from the roots that clutch and the branches that grow out of stony rubbish for they are earthbound and self-sufficient. Back-centre is Patricia Miller, as one of the plants, who later becomes transformed into his unattainable ideal—Columbine. (*Photo: Baron*)



Columbine (Patricia Miller) transformed from a plant to Harlequin's ideal, rides-in on a Unicorn (Metliss and Poole). The photograph gives some idea of Piper's atmospheric setting.

(Photo: Baron)

between composer and choreographer than usually seems to be the case.

Harlequin in April is a study in emotions, and very human emotions at that. What the ancients used to call *lachrimae rerum* is a subject with endless possibilities for variation ; and if we can still shed tears because of the gap between human aspiration and human achievement, at least they lay a lot of the dust on the road to the stars.

Music can express this poignancy perhaps better than any other art, and all the better when it shrouds its technicalities and touches the heart rather than the mind. This is precisely what Richard Arnell's score does. Its roots go deep enough, but its flowering has the simplicity and touching quality of the leaf-buds of spring. And music and choreography go hand in hand, sometimes a little haltingly, but always with a sense of common purpose. Both have achieved that rarity of these times: originality without too obvious a striving for it. If the music has done this a little better than the choreography, that is merely because of the difference between maturity and promise.

Evan Senior.

DECOR

IT was not only Cranko who emerged with the production of *Harlequin in April*. John Piper has for some time been in the running as the best ballet designer of the day, this latest work places him well near the winning-post.

His first work for the theatre, Ashton's *The Quest*, was little more than reproductions of Piper paintings which were not helped by bad execution due to the fact that the ballet was given during the latter part of the war. After that he designed a number of works for the theatre and in particular for the operas of Benjamin Britten. Although all his work at this time had atmosphere it could not be considered entirely successful, each production had one or two things that displayed a lack of knowledge of the theatre. They were indefinite and occasionally impractical and he was apt to cover imperfections under a rather meaningless splatter of paint. But his use of colour has always been exciting and he was able to achieve dramatic effect with colours that glowed in the darkness, occasionally very reminiscent of Rouault though lacking the sombre majesty of that great French painter.

With his designs for Cranko's *Sea Change*, his second attempt at designing for ballet, he became more conscious of the theatre and the particular limitations imposed on those who create a background for dancing. In this he made use of different levels which considerably heightened the drama; his backcloth gave a wonderful suggestion of sea without ever making it clear whether it was the beach or water. His use of colour was quieter but equally effective, and there is not the slightest doubt that the success of this ballet is largely due to these designs.

With *Harlequin in April* he has gone a stage further in his development of design for the theatre. Rags and decay have been used too often in French ballets for them to be original any more, and we have seen so many stages within a stage that it seems almost impossible for this conceit to have a new twist. Basing his setting on the burned out theatre in Hanley, destroyed by fire when the junior company were on tour in 1949, Piper has designed a stage that looks as though exposed to rain and damp for so long that all kinds of fungi and plant life would make it their kingdom—they appear to ooze out of the wrecked proscenium. The torn drop-curtain is most effective, particularly when it glows in blood red; even the tares have a sinister air.

A great deal of trouble seems to have been taken with the lighting and it is entirely successful, giving the work an atmosphere of mystery while making it possible to see what is going on. Whether this will be retained when the ballet is taken on tour is another matter.

The costumes for the three principal characters have been inspired by the Italian Comedy. Pierrot is taken direct from Tiepolo, Harlequin is of a later period and might be from France of the 19th century. This latter is very well designed having all the character of the traditional costume though with a modern approach. The Plants are in all-over tights of various shades of green and brown and although this form of ballet costume has been grossly overdone the white veins, which creep around them, take off the bare look. The wigs some of flowers and some of pink hair, give them the look of sprouting vegetation. The only weakness is the design for the Unicorn, which somehow suggests a pantomime horse and the headpiece, constructed of cellophane, is cumbersome and not really practical for dancing.

Not since the death of Christian Bérard have I seen designs that so enhanced the choreography and music without dominating either. By the very simplest means, Piper has created a mood that is disturbing and full of the uncertainty of human aspirations.

Peter Willams.

Harlequin having been thwarted, in all attempts to attain his ideal, by the Unicorns who are guardians of chastity and by the well-meaning bungling of Pierrot, returns to the plants. It was from their safe-keeping that he emerged at the beginning of the ballet: at the end their branches and roots welcome him back, protecting him from the chill wind of April and from any further urge to return as a man.

(Photo: Baron)

Curtain Up!

THE arrival of Alexandra Danilova in this country lead to a spate of parties which is very right and proper when a great visiting star appears in any country. Of all ballerinas she has one of the readiest wits and can keep a party entertained for hours with her pithy comments on both past and present state of ballet. Underneath it all she has a very shrewd judgment and she remembers more about the ballets in Diaghilev's time than any of the survivors. A young dancer (or a critic for that matter) can learn more about ballet in half an hour with her than from years and years of reading the many books published on the subject.

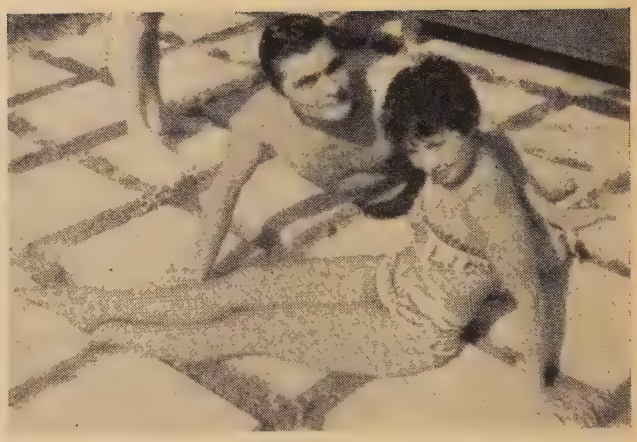
One of the first parties was given on May 16, two days after her arrival, by Anton Dolin and John Gilpin at the Café de Paris. This consisted of the three already mentioned together with Markova, Krassovska, Dr. and Mrs. Braunsweg and Peter Williams. Curious that this was the first time that Danilova ever saw Kay Thompson, the great American cabaret star. Kay sang her brilliant number "I'm mad about the ballet", which continues "She's crazy for Pavlovitch," while the male chorus of three boys sing "She'll dance for Mr. Sadlers, she'll dance for Mr. Wells". One of these boys, Jonathan Lucas owes the fact that he is a dancer at all to the encouragement that Danilova gave him while she was in Hollywood. This was the first time that they had met since that time, several years ago. Lucas was one of the principal dancers in the revue *Touch and Go*, recently at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and also in the Vera Ellen film—*Happy go Lovely*.

EVERYONE who remembers Allyn McLerie as the cow girl in Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*, seen with Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden last year, will be interested to know that she is again to visit this country. She will partner Ray Bolger in the technicolor film musical *Where's Charley* (musical version of stage play, *Charley's Aunt*) to be made in England by Warner Brothers. Miss McLerie created the role in the original Broadway show.

WITH the exception of one character, all the dancers in *Orlando's Silver Wedding*, at the open-air amphitheatre in Battersea Park, are cats. Many people were wondering how the dancers had managed to acquire all the habits of the feline race. Andreé Howard, who was responsible for the choreography, has a cat called Tiggy who is well-known to every dancer. She spent many hours watching Tiggy's habits and Tiggy, in her turn, found herself doing all kinds of unaccustomed things such as the can-can. Eventually a number of Watch Tiggy meetings were held with the directors of the company. The result was certainly worth the effort.

AFTER a working holiday in Greece, where they went to complete *Tiresias* (Ashton's new ballet which has its first performance in the presence of the Queen on July 9) Margot Fonteyn and Frederick Ashton went for a cruise on Mr. Thomas Hart Fisher's yacht. The latter is the husband of Ruth Page, American ballerina from Chicago. The "cast-list" for this cruise might almost inspire another Ashton work. It consisted of actress-author Cornelia Otis Skinner (*Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*); Ruth Page; Mr. Fisher, who is also a famous lawyer; Gian-Carlo Menotti, composer of *The Consul*, *The Medium*, and other works; and John Craxton, the painter who designed *Daphnis and Chloe*.

This party was due to meet Sir Alexander Korda also cruising in his yacht with a party that consisted of Moira Shearer and her husband Ludovic Kennedy, and Graham Greene.



Daniel Arensky (Danilo Burniak with Metropolitan Ballet) and Simone Mostovoy (for many years with Ballets des Champs Elysees) sun bathing at the pool in Roland Petit's house in Hollywood. They are working on the film of Carmen *and will return to Europe with Ballet de Paris in the autumn.*

MARGOT FONTEYN

Royal Opera House,
Covent Garden,
W.C.2.

22nd May, 1951

The Editor, DANCE AND DANCERS,
Mersey House,
132-4 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

Unfortunately it is impossible for me - much as I should like to be able to do so - to write to all your many readers who have so kindly sent me greetings for my birthday.

Under the circumstances will you permit me, through your columns, to express my warmest thanks to each one of them, and to tell them how greatly I appreciated their charming cards and good wishes?

Yours sincerely,

Margot Fonteyn

THOSE big Hollywood musicals affect different people in different ways. I hear that when he was a small boy, Gene Nelson (star of *Tea for Two* and *Fine and Dandy*) hated dancing; he made such a fuss that his family permitted him to discard his dancing pumps in favour of baseball shoes. One Saturday he happened to go to a musical picture and it so impressed him that he immediately came home, rolled up the carpet, and started to make a shambles of his home. Before he completely wrecked the house, his mother bundled him back to a dancing academy. Since then he has never stopped except for the period when he skated in ice shows. To-day he is generally thought to be the successor to Fred Astaire. His shoe bill now works out at over £30 a fortnight.

HATS off to William Chappell who having started ballet dancing far too late (his own admission) at seventeen; having dithered inexpertly (again his own admission) between dancing, stage designing and writing, to-day finds his level as Britain's Number One revue producer. In every one of the glowing notices that greeted the *Lyric Revue*, now at the Lyric, Hammersmith, he has received unqualified praise for his handling of an art that has been lost since the great days of Charles B. Cochran.

IT is always a good idea to blame everything on the critics. It is common practice in this country and the Danes have the same idea too. The seven English critics (Mesdames Manchester, Lawson and Jackson; Messieurs Buckle, Baron, Richardson and Williams), who went to Copenhagen to see the Festival at the Royal Theatre, were asked to fill in a form to say exactly what they thought of the company. Shortly after their arrival they were invited to a

(*continued on page seventeen*)

Dance and Dancers says Happy Birthday to:—

Ross Hotson	Continental Ballet	July 14
Joan Cadzow	Sadler's Wells Theatre	July 17
Beatrice Mosena	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	July 19
David Paltenghi	Rambert Ballet	July 20
Angela Bayley	Continental Ballet	July 22
Richard Brown	Continental Ballet	July 25
Stella Farrance	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	July 26
David Blair	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	July 27
Anton Dolin	Festival Ballet	July 27
Una Russell	Ballets des Champs Elysees	July 29
Andrea Karlsen	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	July 30
Margaret Cameron	Continental Ballet	August 1
Richard Adama	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	August 8

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE and DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post cards early.

(*continued from previous page*)

lunch given by the paper *Ekstra Bladet* and then presented with a questionaire to be filled in on the last day of the season. So that if, when the Royal Danish Ballet visits England, the public do not like the repertoire then the critics can be blamed. It is an excellent practice however that might be copied by any company that intends to venture overseas.

AN experience which is the dream of all dancers on tour befell the company of British Dance Theatre during their visit to Middlesbrough. They were all invited to be guests of Col. and Mrs. Pennyman at Ormesby Hall, where they enjoyed the luxury of driving home from the theatre by car, to a charming house where large suppers were the order of the night, and each dancer had a private, beautifully furnished room to which to retire. To coin a phrase, this is the life, for dancers on tour, but one wonders whether in fact it would do generally, for it seems that an immediate enthusiasm for early morning class in the grounds quite failed to develop and the solitary member who was caught taking a constitutional before breakfast (by a member of the household presumably) was looked upon with disfavour.

TO be the parents of a famous ballet dancer is an ageing experience. Many are the parents who have tried to look proud for so long that the ravages of worry have sent them to an early grave. Not so the parents Gilpin. When they were presented to Princess Marie Louise at the Stoll Theatre, the other night, she told Mr. Gilpin that he must be very tired after his performance; she mistook Mrs. Gilpin for John's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin must be very proud that they can still retain their youth while their son John received acclaim from even the most hard-bitten critics in the roles immortalised by Nijinsky.

TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA asks us to express her delighted thanks to the many readers who sent her greetings on her recent birthday as she is unable to reply to them all personally.

Alexandra Danilova, who has been appearing as guest artist with Festival Ballet, provides this month's recipe.
(*Photo: Constantine*)

FAMOUS DANCER'S RECIPE : 8

Simplicity! *Tempo*! *Schmaltz*! *Salt and Pepper*! Words and phrases that echoed from the lips of celebrated ballerina Alexandra Danilova while taking a class then at rehearsal of *Swan Lake* on the vast stage at the Stoll Theatre. Were these the ingredients of greatness, I asked myself?

In her dressing room later that same afternoon, her famous legs still swathed in pink woollen tights and dabbing at lingering beads of perspiration with a ball of cotton wool, she explained.

"These boys and girls (Festival Ballet) are very good dancers. They dance correctly, cleanly and with intelligence but they lack what we call 'Schmaltz'. The best ingredients will never make a tasty dish unless they have a certain amount of seasoning—salt, pepper even a little vinegar." She looked at me hopefully, wondering if I had caught her meaning. Then she went on.

"Another important thing is to dance in tempo. No matter what the orchestra is doing a dancer must follow the music. Not a beat before, not a beat behind, but right on the beat." I interrupted in defence of the dancers and lamented the rarity of good ballet conductors. She agreed that this is sometimes the case but more generally it is the fault of the dancer. For how far wrong can the conductor go with the score in front of him.

"When I began my career as a dancer I was temperamental and blamed all mishaps on the conductor. Most young dancers do. But now I realize that it is the dancer who is usually at fault and no matter what happens it is best to follow the tempo set by the conductor."

She dislikes "chi-chi" (exaggerated sense of style) in male dancers because it makes them look effeminate. Economy of head and arm movements and good strong positions are most essential.

I marvelled at the conviction she put into these plain truths and her concern for the new generation of dancers. She would certainly make a great teacher, I concluded.

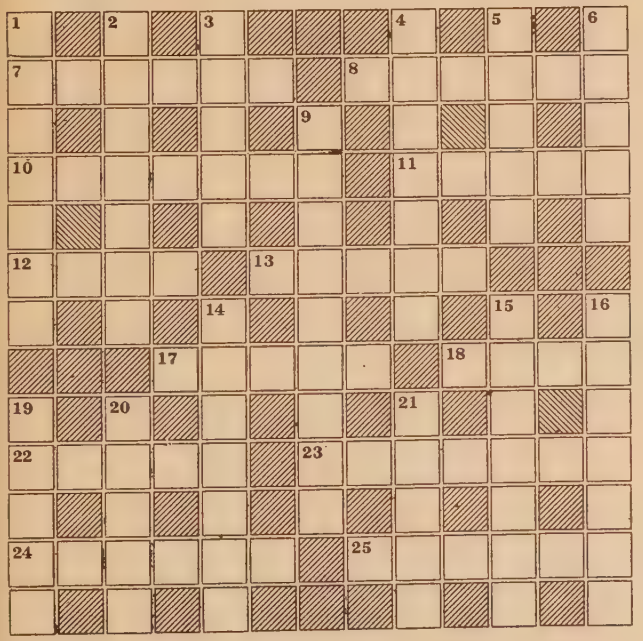
Past forty, Danilova still has the kind of figure that would make some girls of twenty green with envy. Even now she works harder than most corps de ballet girls. Take her schedule on the day I visited her: class for the company at 11.00; full rehearsal of Swan Lake at 3.30; fifteen minutes for an interview with me; twenty minutes of barre work alone; and then a rehearsal of *Beau Danube*.

If you can't keep thin that way, her advice to dancers is to try the Harper's Bazaar Diet which you can get by writing to that magazine in New York.

Adriatic Fish

Ingredients: (*For four people*) 4 *slices of cod or an equal amount of smelts*, 1 *lb. of tomatoes*, 3 *or* 4 *large onions*, *garlic salt or small clove of garlic*, *cooking oil*, *salt and pepper*.
Method: *Sprinkle garlic salt over the bottom of casserole and cover with slices of onion. Slice tomatoes in circles and spread over onions. Add a layer of fish* (*if smelts are used, place as spokes of a wheel*). *Repeat layers of onions, tomatoes and fish until casserole is three-quarters full. Pour cooking oil into casserole until first layer of onion is covered. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook on slow fire until oil begins to boil. Remove and allow to cool. When cool return to fire. Repeat from* 4 *to* 6 *times or until oil and juices fill casserole. Either serve hot immediately or cold the following day. Serve with boiled potatoes.*

CROSSWORD 5



The above crossword is for amusement only and the answers will be found on page 25 of this issue

BEGINNER'S CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS.
7. Describes a white ballet's position in most programmes. (6).
8. Official on *Le Train Bleu* (6).
10. Shed for a dying bird (3, 4).
11. In short how Poll desires Belaye (5).
12. Vyroubova (4).
13. Farewell (5).
17. Most principal ballet roles are for ——— (1, 4).
18. Not the whole of a role (4).
22. Miss Navarre for the fourth month (5).
23. Dolin's *Giselle* followed his (7).
24. Don't slip on the paint as you make up (6).
25. See 9 down.

CLUES DOWN.
1. Noele from The Festival (7).
2. What the Dying Swan is finally (4, 3).
3. Not ever (5).
4. A silly show for a dancer to be in (7).
5. A note for this musical sound (1, 4).
6. Not stale.
9 and 25 across. Covent Garden choreographer (9, 6).
14. How old should a ballerina be? (7).
15. Not good items (3, 4).
16. Or in oat (anag). Can they dance *Pas de Quatre* (1, 4, 2).
19. Disease *La Chatte* may suffer from (5).
20. Surge encourages for a change (5).
21. Needed after an evenings dancing (1, 4).

VETERAN'S CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS.
7. Extras in *Rodeo?* (6).
8. Ada I go for a dance (6).
10. No wonder the dancers are erratic if The Times have all gone (2, 5).
11. In the air perhaps (5).
12. Jealousy (4).
13. Shall we eventually have this number of ballets to Bizet's Symphony? (5).
17. We have Times here (5).
18. This interrupts Gisell's idyll (4).
22. Did it ever bite the Snow Queen (5).
23. O no real heroine of ballet and opera (7).
24. Music and painting become this of dancing to give us ballet (6).
25. And we don't get the decor by accident either (6).

CLUES DOWN.
1. What The Rake really was (1, 6).
2. The mood of the Markova-Dolin Company? (7).
3. They give the beat (5).
4. Whose other self is Odile? (7).
5. And which Prince's dance do International give? (5).
6. Dry bread to the town's favourite dancer (5).
9. Could you buy it from the Bumboat Woman? (9).
14. The basic foundation of ballet dancing (3, 4).
15. Did Peter Williams create *Pleasuredrome* for this? (3, 2, 2).
16. Musical sounds that can be got by lifting (7).
19. Scenery to house a dancer (1, 4).
20. What shoes are of the dancer's trade (5).
21. Geometric signs for dancing teachers (5).

Dancers you should know . . .

SOME people, more than others, are born to eventful lives. And if you are the intuitive type you will agree that Trunoff is one of those people.

Trunoff would probably tell you differently because he is an easy-going chap with a broad smile, a firm handshake and a perpetual twinkle in his eyes. He will admit, of course, that there is a reason for everything that happens in a person's life that is unexpected. But unlike some people he will not get terribly analytical about it and spend some time delving into its metaphysical aspects and hidden meanings.

" O.K.", he will say emphatically, " what if my folks did have to leave Russia during the revolution, are they any worse off for it now ? " Such rationalizing from Trunoff can be most convincing ; and you suddenly see the long weary trek from Orel to Tokyo and the six years that Papa Trunoff worked there as a Civil Engineer with Mama Trunoff desperately clinging to the remnants of their former White Russian mode of living, not as a gruelling experience, an exile, but as a chapter from a book of adventure stories.

In fact, in the next chapter, Trunoff is born in Melbourne, Australia, and his only link with his family's remote, eventful past are the Russian folk dances that Mama Trunoff teaches him.

Mama Trunoff was never a professional dancer ; but her love for and knowledge of Russian folk dancing is immense. In fact when people found out about it in Melbourne's Russian colony her services were in great demand at weddings and socials. Vassili, of course, generally went along with her and in no time became expert at that sort of thing.

The fame of the Trunoff's, mother and son, spread throughout the city of Melbourne so that when Woizikowsky, the celebrated character dancer came to that city in 1935, with his Russian Ballet, he naturally insisted upon Mama's appearance in *Petrouchka's* crowd scenes. Vassili, who was only six at the time, got into the act too because there was no one at home to look after him in Mama's absence.

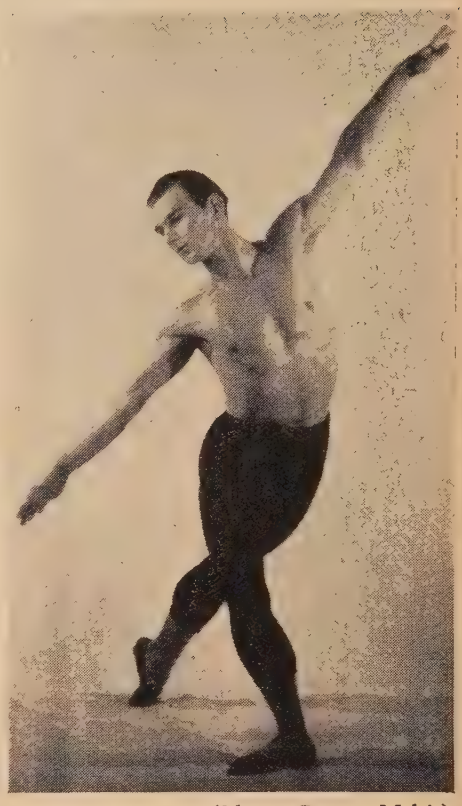
You may think that milling around in *Petrouchka's* overcrowded street scene was nothing for the Trunoff's to boast about. Perhaps not, but they thoroughly enjoyed it and the prestige it gave them in their immediate circle.

Not only that but people like Edouard Borovansky who was teaching ballet in Melbourne began to notice little Vassili and hints were being thrown in Mama's direction that he should be trained as a ballet dancer. So he began studying ballet—as a side line. Actually, he wanted to be an engineer like his father, only electrical not civil.

But ballet dancing can only be a side line for those people who can never hope to do it professionally. It is an art, if properly understood, that frees the spirit and ignites the soul. Trunoff felt this and when he was fourteen gave up the idea of electrical engineering.

Now everyone who knows Trunoff knows what a wonderful technique he has and it is only natural to be curious as to how he got it. So I asked him.

" Gosh ! That's a tough one to answer, I had so many good teachers." He looked pensive for a moment, scratched his scalp and began listing them. " Let's see, there was Xenia Borovansky, Laurel Martyn, Kouznetsova, Bousloff, Slavinsky, Edouard Borovansky and, of course, Rambert. I got something from each one."



(*Photo: Duncan Melvin*)

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VASSILI TRUNOFF

Borovansky was first to note his capabilities and gave him such roles to dance as the Golden Slave in *Scheherezade* and the Spirit of the Rose in *Spectre de la Rose*. Trunoff was only sixteen at the time.

I have never seen Trunoff dance these roles but I am sure he made a very good impression ; because when he was nineteen he was dancing leading roles in *Jardin aux Lilas*, *Gala Performance*, *Peter and the Wolf* and *Plaisance* in Marie Rambert's company which was then touring Australia. This, you will agree, is quite an accomplishment for a young man of nineteen. But Trunoff is quite a sensible chap and doesn't let things like that go to his head. Besides, he felt there was still a lot to learn about ballet and the exciting tales of ballet in England filled him with a vast curiosity.

So last year he came to London and signed with Festival Ballet and is, as you no doubt know, attracting a lot of attention as a character dancer with them. He dances the Gopak in *Casse Noisette* with the kind of gusto and flair that gives it authenticity. His sense of humour pervades the opaque black make up of the Moor in *Petrouchka* and although you've seen half a dozen Moors in Festival Ballet's production of *Petrouchka* you still think he is the funniest.

It is hard to think of Trunoff as being anything but the carefree, vigorous personality he is when dancing or the charming, warm-hearted Australian when you meet him casually on the street or in a restaurant. But as I said before he is a sensible chap with a practical kind of logic and plans for the future, which is a good thing in a dancer. So many are apt to be either too emotional or too vague about their careers.

For instance, when Trunoff tells you that some day he will return to Australia to become part of the ballet scene there, you get the feeling that he is going to do it. Exactly how or when he will do it, well . . . events will take care of that.

New Books

Ballet, photographs by Serge Lido (published by Art et Industrie, Paris, frs. 900).

THE prodigious Mr. Lido, popular dance photographer, has produced yet another volume of photographs, hot on the heels of his last book, *Les Ballets Americains* (reviewed in DANCE AND DANCERS, April, 1951).

There are the familiar Lido shots of dancers in action (Golovine in flight with Venetian pigeons), some stark portraits (Toumanova in Phédre); and a number of novel settings (Tallchief in a tutu and Skibine in tights floating a gondola down a Venetian canal; Eglevsky posed against the ruins of la Turbie in Monte Carlo). There is in this collection of photographs a commendable striving for originality. Lido has also managed to cover, in this edition, a wide variety of companies. Dancers from England, France, America and Spain are included.

It has a preface by André Maurois called *Reflections on the Art of the Dance*, and brief histories of ballet companies who have appeared during the Paris seasons from 1949 to 1951, listed at the back of the book as a handy reference.

The Tales of Hoffman, a study of the film by Monk Gibbon (Saturn Press, 21*s*.).

MR. GIBBONS in an attractively bound book, a sequel to his *The Red Shoes* published in 1949, covers the production of *The Tales of Hoffman* film from every possible angle.

Of special interest to ballet lovers will be the numerous photographs, both in colour and black and white of Shearer, Tcherina, Massine, Helpmann and Ashton. He has also written profiles of the aforementioned in a candidly adoring manner.

Some of Hein Heckroth's amusingly original designs are on display and are accompanied by photographs of their realisation.

This over all picture of the hardships and snags involved in producing the film will make you want to see it, if you haven't seen it already.

Music, Movement and the Young Child, by Heather Gell (Australian Publishing Co., 17*s*. 6*d*.).

HEATHER GELL, an Australian, has been teaching children music and movement for the past twenty-five years with apparent success. She has compiled a text book of her method which is based on the Dalcroze system of "Eurhythmics", in which she has a certificate from the London School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics.

This treatise on teaching children music through movement was designed chiefly for teachers and schools but can be easily understood by the layman.

The idea is an excellent one and should be invaluable in preventing a number of the psychoses that children are addicted to.

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE season ended on Saturday, May 12, with Fonteyn and Somes in *Lac des Cygnes*. This season has been a curious one, it has seen some of the finest performances that the company has ever given as well as some of the worst, all of which was partly due to the number of dancers who were ill. Everybody was tired after the arduous American tour and many works never had enough rehearsal. Shearer and Grey were both ill and only danced for one or two performances which threw a lot of weight on to Fonteyn and Elvin. Nerina, Farron and Lindsay were given opportunities to dance important roles and they all showed great promise. The male dancing, particularly by Somes, was better than it has ever been. The only new ballet, *Daphnis and Chloe*, received the roughest treatment from the critics that any important work has got in years though the growing popularity of this fine ballet proves that the public sometimes knows better. But the most important feature of the whole season was the even greater development of Fonteyn who goes from strength to strength in her every role and she seems to get "inside" everything she does so that the most unlikely fairy-tale character appears to be completely plausible. We look forward to the new season that starts on July 3 as everyone will be rested after their holidays and the absent ballerinas should be quite recovered by then.

On July 9, Her Majesty The Queen will attend a Gala in aid of the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund and the occasion will also see the first performance of Ashton's *Tiresias* which has a new score for percussion and brass by Constant Lambert whose wife, Isobel Lambert, is responsible for the scenery and costumes.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

THE Festival season finished on June 9 at Sadler's Wells Theatre. *Harlequin in April*, the new work specially commissioned for the Festival had its first performance on May 8 and is fully reviewed in our New Ballets section in this issue. Celia Franca's *Khadra* returned to the repertoire on May 15 and this will be taken to America.

After their tour that includes the Bournemouth and Oxford festivals, Finsbury Park and Cambridge, the company have a well deserved holiday. Their final season at Sadler's Wells before they leave us for over six months, will be from September 1 to 21 when there is to be ballet four times a week. Loudon Sainthill has designed the new full *Coppelia* and two acts of *Casse Noisette* will also be given with new designs by Cecil Beaton.

Boscoe Holder and Sheila Clark who, together with a small company have been giving performances of dances from the Caribbean islands. They have had successful seasons at the Watergate and Players Theatres
(*Photo: Duncan Melvin*)

RAMBERT BALLET

FATE'S REVENGE, the new ballet by David Paltenghi, was presented by Rambert Ballet at The Bath Assembly on May 21. The work was very well received, and the music by Peter Tranchell, played by the specially recruited Rambert Ballet Orchestra of thirty musicians, was particularly successful.

In the same programme Rambert Ballet presented Ballet Workshop's *Scherzi Della Sorte*, which is also the work of David Paltenghi.

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INTERNATIONAL BALLET

ON June 18 International Ballet gave a Gala Performance to open their season at The Opera House, Belfast. This was under the patronage of Countess Granville, sister of the Queen, and in aid of the Victoria Homes for Girls.

On Friday, July 6, at Leeds, the new ballet *For Love or Money*, a one-act humorous character ballet by Algeranoff will have its first performance. Music has been specially composed by Gilbert Vinter, leader of the B.B.C. Midland Light Orchestra. Costumes are by the Australian, John Bainbridge; decor by Dennis Wreford.

When International Ballet give their season at The Royal Festival Hall, from July 26 to September 1, they will have as guest artist Yurek Shabelevsky from the Scala Theatre, Milan. Shabelevsky, who is Polish, studied with Nijinska and was a member of her company. He spent seven years with Col. de Basil's Ballets Russes and toured the U.S.A. with his own group of dancers before joining Ballet Theatre in 1940. He has since danced many roles all over the world.

FESTIVAL BALLET

ON Monday, May 7, the company returned to the Stoll Theatre, which must now be considered their London home. The first programme opened with *Les Sylphides* which gets a better performance from this company than any since the war. It needs a dancer like Markova with her lightness and musicality, to give the work the poetry that must have been there when Fokine created it. She drifts through it all like a beautiful white butterfly and appears to skim the surface of the stage without ever alighting. Gilpin partners her well and he too is infused with the romantic atmosphere, which is more than can be said for the lighting—this must be the hardest blue glare that ever illuminated a poet's dream.

It is hard to understand why another ballet should have to be superimposed on Bizet's symphony in C. Both Andree Howard and Balanchine have contributed almost everything that a choreographer possibly could. Lichine's *Impressions*, which had its London *premiere* on the same evening adds nothing to either the symphony or Lichine's reputation as a choreographer. He has many good ideas but they need digesting and sorting out. The result leaves no impression at all except that the second movement gives a new *pas de deux* for Markova and Dolin. The programme explains this as being an essay to express the mysticism of the classical line in presenting the *pas de deux*, but I do not think this need bother anybody. Sandwiched between an exasperating series of *rond de jambes*, there were many beautiful moments and everything was made worthwhile as we were able to see Markova break away from strict classicism. In all-over grey tights and a silver Empire wig, she looked breath-taking.

In spite of the apparent simplicity of the choreography this is a very difficult ballet to dance and it says a lot for the company that they can give such a good performance. A few months ago it would have been right outside their range.

Seldom have I seen designs look so unhappy as did those of Hugh Stevenson, he is a fine romantic designer who should never attempt this sort of "abstract" work.

Lichine has also been adding a few things to the full *Nutcracker* which returned to the repertoire on May 14. They have improved the ballet quite a lot—the Snowflake scene is certainly better though it still lacks the lightness of a snow drift. The *Valse des Fleures*, in the last act, fills the stage nicely. But it is time we face up to the fact that this is not, and never was, a good ballet. The story is too weak and the omission of the fight with the rats makes it completely negative. The ballerina role is non-existent and the two *pas de deux* could be danced by anyone who had nothing more than technical accomplishment. Markova admittedly has created moments of her own—the first sight of her, when the children's party has transformed to a snowy landscape, is magical. So too is the part at the end of this scene when, on the shoulder of the Prince, she waves her arms as though conjuring snow.

The additions to Lichine's *Harlequinade* which was given on the same evening, have made this English pantomime curtain-raiser a better ballet. Trunoff turns and tumbles as a Clown who seems to have strayed from a French circus rather than Pollock's toy theatres. In fact the whole thing is a curious mixture for I cannot think that Lichine really knows much about our curiously insular form of popular entertainment.

The *Giselle*, which returned to the repertoire on May 21, proved again that this is certainly the best production in England today, probably the best anywhere. There is nothing further to say about Markova's Giselle or Dolin's Albrecht they are perfect interpretations. Paula Hinton's Queen of the Wilis is excellent. She is a mean little creature who might be up to any moonlit nastiness. She is in the Danilova-Graeme-Franca class of the best living exponents of this important role.

The revival of the *pas de deux* for "The Enchanted Princess and the Bluebird" from the last act of *The Sleeping Beauty* took us back to the days of Diaghilev. Markova looked just the same as she used to then and she also brought back the correct interpretation. It is really about a Princess who sees a bluebird, tries to imitate him, eventually succeeds, and flies away. Gilpin as the bluebird has a beautiful line and wonderful balance, he should soon be well up in the line of great names who have made this such a historic *pas de deux*.

On May 28 Danilova appeared as guest ballerina. Her performances will be dealt with in full in our next issue but on the first night she showed that there will never be anyone to equal her as the Street Dancer in *Beau Danube*. She has brought back the grand style that is lacking from so much we see today.

P. W.

Alicia Markova is seen in the costume she wears in the second movement of David Lichine's new work for Festival Ballet, Impressions (*Photo: Vivienne*)

BALLET WORKSHOP

THE three new works which are to be presented by Ballet Workshop in July, will include the new Paul Draper ballet, based on Irish folk songs, which should have been given during June. As Paul Draper was unable to finish the work in time it had to be held over for this later programme. The other two ballets will be *Gloriana* by Harry Cordwell, and *Divertissement* by Cieplinski.

Gloriana will have a story suggested by Elizabethan episodes, and Paula Hinton will be seen as Gloriana. Harry Cordwell, who was formerly with the Rambert Ballet before going into musicals such as *Golden City* and *Carousel*, will be responsible for the choreography and the decor and costumes; the music will be by Michael Hobson.

Divertissement will be in two parts. Part One will be to the music of Mozart, and decor and costumes will be by Honore Frost. Part Two to the music of St. Saens, will have costumes and decor by Laszlo Szilvassy. Choreography for both parts will be arranged by Cieplinski. Both Cieplinski and Szilvassy were until recently resident choreographer and designer respectively, at the Budapest State Theatre. They escaped from behind the Iron Curtain and have sought refuge in this country.

BRITISH DANCE THEATRE

ON Whit Monday, at the Adelphi Theatre, Paignton, British Dance Theatre gave a new ballet by Hettie Loman to music by Alan Rawsthorne.

This is entitled *The Man, The Woman, and The Two Who Didn't Care*, and was inspired when Miss Loman witnessed a savage street-fight between two men, while a crowd of smirking onlookers gaped at them. In the ballet, the Man and Woman are in conflict while the Two Who Didn't Care dance their separate lives mockingly around them. A Wise Old Clown who is a philosopher and moralist dances a commentary; he can sympathise with both extremes but cannot effect a reconciliation. At the end he points sadly to the characters, "Thus the world goes on". Warren Lamb and Sally Archbutt appeared as The Man and The Woman, Julia Mason and Jane Tallis as The Two Who Didn't Care, and Ronnie Curran as The Wise Old Clown.

LEGAT SCHOOL

ANNA ROJE, *prima ballerina* of the Zagreb State Theatre, and Oscar Harmos, Chief Choreographer, were recently sent to this country on an official mission by the Yugoslav Government. They came to see British ballet companies and schools. During their visit they spent over a week at the Tunbridge Wells School of Mme. Nicolaeva Legat who, with her husband Nicolas Legat, was their teacher before the war.

Oscar Harmos arranged a special dance which was performed in a 100-year-old Yugoslavian costume by the captain of the School, 18-year-old Julie Collar.

RAM GOPAL

RAM GOPAL, whose company gives the opening performance at the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen on July 3, has three new works in the repertoire—*Festival of Lights*, *The Dolls' Wedding* and *Essence of the Dusk*.

The first shows a typical "puja" with all the young people of the household offering gifts of flowers to the household gods at the Festival of Deepavali, when, all over India the homes and streets and gardens are adorned with thousands of tiny oil lights. Ram Gopal is seen as the elder son who makes the chief offering.

The Dolls' Wedding has Kumudini and Ram Gopal as the two dolls which are "married" by ancient rites during the ceremonies of segregation in North India, while the women are confined to their quarters.

In *Essence of the Dusk* two painted figures of an Indian God and Goddess come to life at full moon and dance the movements depicted in their fresco. This is a duet between Ram Gopal and Kumudini.

Four new artists have joined the company. Meena, a talented dancer and musician was a pupil of Ram Gopal in Bangalore. She is a friend of Visalakshi from whom she has learned much of the rare Carnatic Music.

Gopalnair is a promising male dancer from Southern India. He has studied modern trends in Indian dancing and also the classical style with Ram Gopal.

Visalakshi has been closely associated with the revival of Carnatic music of Southern India and has helped to create compositions for "Bharata Natya" recitals. She is an expert on what is reputed to be the oldest stringed instrument, the Veena.

Rajaratnam is a permanent musician of the Bangalore Culture Centre who has played many instruments with the company on their tours in India.

CYGNET BALLET

FOR their season in the London parks during June, Cygnet Ballet added to their repertoire the first three-act ballet they had ever undertaken. This was a new work by Cleo Nordi, formerly a dancer with the Pavlova company, and with Veronica Bruce, co-founder of Cygnet Ballet. Entitled *Mysterious Affinity*, the ballet has music specially composed by Raymond Bennell, and tells the story of a man and woman who discover an affinity which lasts throughout life, from childhood to death, and even beyond.

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Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

OPÉRA COMIQUE

ON June 2, the Opéra Comique presented *Le Bal du pont du Nord*. This ballet was created for the Opéra de Lille and premiered on May 5; it was originally called *L'Heure Flamande*. The scenario, based on an old Flemish folk song of the same name, is by Hubert Devillez and has choreography by Leonide Massine; décor and costumes by André Masson.

The music, in which the theme of the song is used and varied throughout the ballet, is fairly danceable. But the numerous characters in the second act, the "Masques", tend to confuse the action, and it seems to me that Massine has allowed it to get a bit too agitated and complicated in movement; the simplicity is lost.

However there are some amusing and authentic "Massine touches" and perhaps a second viewing would reveal more cohesion.

The sets and costumes by Masson are quite good especially for the second act. They are very "Breughel-like", rich and rather sombre in colouring.

Everyone has a bit to dance and the pace is lively. Christiane Vaussard *danseuse étoile* of the Paris Opera as Adéle, was gay and attractive in the first act but less convincing in the second act. Since this is only the second performance of the ballet the company doubtless have not had sufficient time to work into their parts.

The ballet is decidedly a gain for the repertoire of the Opéra Comique but certainly not amongst the best of Massine works.

Another Massine Ballet, *La Boutique Fantasque* was given on the same programme. All that can be said about this ballet has already been said. L'Assistant was well danced by Serge Reynald. Denise Bourgeois who danced the *can-can*, the role originally created by Danilova, was less happily cast.

BALLETS DE L'AMERIQUE LATINE

THIS is an Argentine company headed by Joaquin Perez-Fernandez which I would call a South American revue rather than "ballet"; for in addition to dancing there is singing, mime, two pianos, and a variety of instruments. The sets and costumes, said to be regionally authentic, are lovely; and one has a good evening's travel from Mexico to the Argentine.

The actual dance is derived from the Spanish, with strong Indian and Caribbean influences. The ensemble is good and the soloists range from good to spectacular.

Of the more effective numbers presented in their programme on June 4 at the Theatre Marigny, *La Bas, Loin, Il y a Lontemps.* (Argentine), with music by Hermanos Avalos, Ocampo et Flores, is an elaborately set ballet about the Argentine pampas in 1840. The virility of the male dancers in this ballet made a striking contrast to the soft, lyrical quality of the women.

In *Adoration de la Divine Crèche*, Joaquin Perez-Fernandez in a solo dance, gave a delicate interpretation of Indian piety of the Middle Ages.

Petites Danses de la Terre (Argentine) Traditional Argentine-Indian dances and songs danced by Carmen and Joaquin Perez-Fernandez and other members of the company were interpreted with great poetic feeling.

Michoácan, Terre de Reve (Mexican), scenes from life on the Mexican lakes with music by Sofia Knoll and Joaquin Perez-Fernandez, presented the entire company which included Eva Carlés, Martha Juillerat, Georgina de Uriarte, Magda Suto, Ernesto Blanco, Aldo Esquru, Enrique Cagigal, Nestor Perez-Fernandez, Carmen Mora, Rosa Belmonte, Paquita Morel, Gerardo Servin, Francisco Marin, Angel Sanabria, and Cristobal Caceres.

Margaret O'Brien

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

ON June 24th the New York City Ballet completed a two and a half week season at New York City Center.

In addition to their regular repertoire four new works were presented: *Cake Walk*, a character ballet to traditional music, had choreography by Ruthanna Boris and décor and costumes by Robert Drew. *The Miraculous Mandarin*, a one act ballet by Todd Bolender has music by Bela Bartok and décor and costumes by Alvin Colt. Jerome Robbins did a one act ballet to Igor Stravinsky's *Basler Concerto*, called *The Amazons;* and George Balanchine contributed *Capriccio Brilliant* to music by Mendelssohn.

Canadians Blanche and Alan Lund, featured dance team in Fancy Free *at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London.*
(Photo: Maurice Seymour)

The list of principal dancers which now includes Nora Kaye, Andre Eglevsky, Hugh Laing and Diana Adams remains the same. Soloists Dorothy Dushock and Helen Kramer have left the company and have been replaced by Constance Garfield a former De Cuevas dancer, and Irene Larsen. Alan Baker, husband of Miss Garfield has also joined the company.

INTERNATIONAL DANCE CONFERENCE

LEO Kehl, International Relations Consultant for the Dance Profession, of Madison, Wisconsin, announced recently that invitations have been extended to the Ministers of Education of sixty-one nations, asking them to send official delegates to the first International Dance Conference in Chicago, Illinois. It will be held at the Hotel Sherman from August 12th to the 18th.

A World Federation of Dance Educators is planned, under the sponsorship of the Executive Council of the Chicago National Association of Dance Masters. Miss Edna Christensen, Racine, Wisconsin is the President, and the Executive Secretary is Mr. William J. Ashton, Chicago, Illinois.

Some items to be discussed at the Conference are: (1) International Relations in Dance (2) Inter-American Dance Relations (3) Dance and the Educator (4) Present trends in Dance Education (5) Code of Ethics for Dance Educators.

Educators of Dance are invited to make inquiries from the Secretary, Suite 701, 20 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois.

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SHEILA NELSON	Sadler's Wells Ballet	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet
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GRAND THEATRE, BORDEAUX

The present popularity of ballet almost everywhere is reflected in the Provincial theatres of France as much as anywhere.

The Grand Theatre, Bordeaux, is a "Monument Historique" where Lauberval's *La Fille mal gardee* was born. Here nowadays a company of thirty dancers headed by Helene Varenova as *premiere danseuse* and Youra Loboff as *premier danseur* gives Evenings of Ballet about three times a month.

The company also provides dancers for all the Operas, Opera-Comiques, and Operettas. There is a Municipal dancing school attached to the theatre where youngsters are being trained. At the Bordeaux International Festival of Music and Dance in May the company repeated its presentation of the dances for *La Main Heureuse* by Jean Francaix, created last year by Paul Durozoi.

Margaret O'Brien

AUSTRALIA

WHEN the Borovanksy Ballet opened at The Empire Theatre, Sydney on April 6, one member of the audience caused Borovansky particular concern. This was Eugene Goosens, who for many years was conductor for Diaghilev and the Russian Ballet.

Petrouchka was being re-staged with entirely new décor by the Australian designer William Constable, and with some changes in the choreography made by Borovansky himself. Goosens, who of course knows *Petrouchka* thoroughly, was expected to be the most exacting critic present.

It was all the more exciting for the company then when he reported afterwards; "When the curtain went up I was very wonderfully surprised with the lovely colours of Constable's designs, but the biggest surprise came to me when the Coachmen came on stage. I could not imagine that anyone could dance the Coachmen so well as the Russians, but when I saw these Coachmen appear on stage, I knew immediately that the whole *Petrouchka* was going to be magnificent."

Traditionally, the company suffered a stroke of bad luck immediately before the opening, when Martin Rubenstein unfortunately sprained his knee. It fell to Miro Zloch to take over the role at very short notice. Zloch gave a very creditable performance which was well received both by the audience and the press. The ballerina was danced by Peggy Sager and The Moor by Charles Boyd.

Kathleen Gorham was excellent in *Les Sylphides*.

Beau Danube was also received with enthusiasm. Since then *Boutique Fantasque* has been added to the repertoire with success.

SOUTH AFRICA

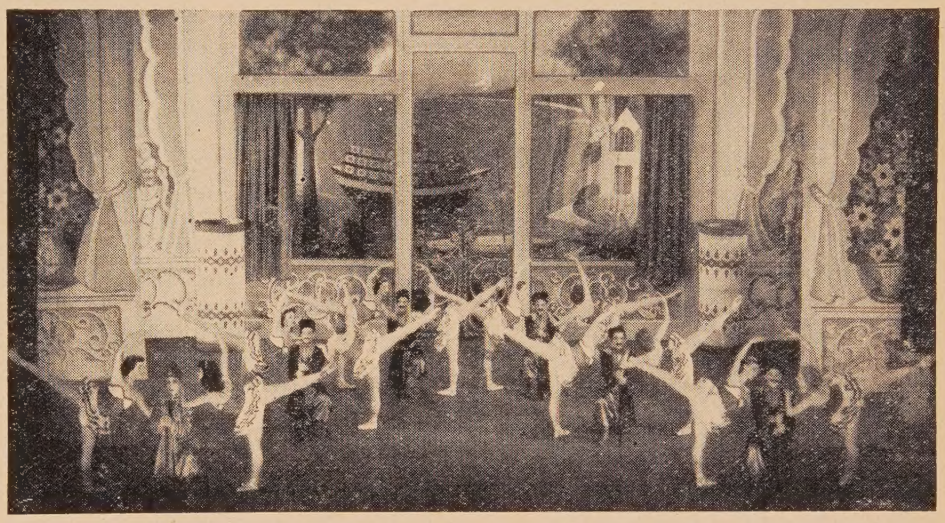
THE recent lack of ballet in Cape Town has given added interest to the success of a short season by University Ballet during May. Their guest-producer, Joan Grantham, staged a highly successful *Giselle* in which the star role was sensitively danced by a young student Mavis Maastricht.

With the memory of Markova still fresh from her visit in 1949 it might have been expected that the local production of the ballet in which she is seen at her greatest would be very much over-shadowed. However the young dancer gave an exciting performance which brought her the plaudits of the critics and her audience.

SWITZERLAND

ARTHUR OLDHAM, who composed the music for *Mr. Punch*, the ballet by Walter Gore which was presented by Rambert Ballet at Sadler's Wells in 1946 and for *The Sailor's Return*, by Andreé Howard for the Rambert Ballet in 1947 as well as for Ashton's *Le Reve de Leonor* (Les Ballets de Paris 1949) conducted his own new work *Circus Canteen* in Basle, Switzerland on May 22. Commissioned by the Basle Stadttheater, this ballet has choreography by Heinz Rosen, the resident choreographer and ballet-master.

Oldham has also written the music for Ronald Duncan's new poetic drama *Our Lady's Tumbler*, in the latter half of which much use is made of dancing. With décor by Cecil Beaton this work was first presented on June 5, in Salisbury Cathedral.



La Boutique Fantasque *which was presented by the Borovansky Ballet at the Empire Theatre, Sydney.* (*Photo: Williamson*)

Ballet for Beginners

STORY OF A BALLET

Coppelia

FIRST given at the Paris Opera in 1870, the book was devised by Charles Nuttier from one of the stories of Hoffmann with choreography by Arthur Saint-Léon. It has retained its popularity to this day owing to its gaiety and the delightful music of Delibes. The Sadler's Wells Ballet give a three-act version and the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet are preparing another. At the Paris Opera where it is given in a two-act version, the hero, Franz, was always played by a girl as in the original production. Last year this piece of tradition was dropped and it is now given by a boy. The Royal Danish Ballet give what is probably the best version to be seen today as it was revived many years ago by Hans Beck with the addition of several dances for the male dancers and several of the divertissements in the final scene omitted; all three acts have much more unity.

In a Galician town near the Polish frontier there is an inn, next door to which lives Swanilda. Opposite is the house of Coppelius, a mysterious maker of mechanical toys. In the bow window of this house, sits the beautiful Coppelia sitting quite motionless reading a book. Swanilda is jealous of Coppelia because she suspects that her fiance, Franz, is courting the strange silent girl. She is puzzled because although she dances and curtseys before Coppelia she receives no reaction, but the arrival of Franz, causes her to hide and she watches Coppelius and Coppelia greeting him; he blows a kiss up to the window. Offended, Swanilda chases a butterfly and passes him as if she had not seen him. She catches it and Franz puts it on a pin in his scarf; this brutality only increases Swanilda's anger. The people of the town appear and dance a Mazurka. The Burgomaster asks Swanilda whether she intends to be married but she shakes her head. Taking a ripe ear of corn she listens to hear whether she will be married before long—only true lovers can hear the answer. However neither she nor Franz can hear anything so Swanilda snaps the stalk and throwing it on the ground walks away dejected. Franz choses a girl to dance the Czardas with him and everybody enters into the whirl with a sharp click of the heels and lively stamping. In the cool of the evening, Coppelius leaves his house and the boys push him around causing him to drop his key. Swanilda finds it and together with her friends, enters the toymaker's house. The unsuspecting Franz follows.

Inside the house the girls are frightened by the mysterious mute beings standing round the room. Discovering they are only dolls they set them in motion, they discover too that Coppelia is only a doll. Coppelius enters in a fury and chases the girls away except for Swanilda who hides in Coppelia's alcove. Franz forces his way through the window only to be caught by Coppelius who on hearing of his love for Coppelia offers him some drugged wine. The toymaker hopes by means of sorcery to transfer the spirit of the sleeping Franz to his doll daughter. He wheels-on the doll, little suspecting that she is actually Swanilda who has changed into the Coppelia's dress. She amuses herself by playing the doll but becomes more and more agile, changing from an automatic waltz to a Spanish fandango and then a Scottish jig while she tries to wake up Franz. Finally she seizes a sword and threatens the old man. At long last, she wakes Franz up and reveals to Coppelius the trick that has been played on him. Brokenhearted he realises that he has been made a fool of as the happy couple rush out.

Back in the square the next day, all the townspeople rejoice in the happy ending and the Burgomaster re-unites Swanilda and Franz. The furious Coppelius complains of the house-breaking and is mollified by a purse full of money. With the happy couple in the centre, the young people enjoy themselves with dances and solos.

GLOSSARY

Penche. Is the term in ballet applied to a bending forward movement; as in *arabesque penchee* when the dancer standing in first arabesque lowers the extended arm and torso, almost touching the ground.

Royal. A term in ballet applied to simple *changement de pieds* when the calves are beaten together before the change of position occurs.

Sur Place. A term applied to ballet steps which are executed without moving from one place to another; i.e. *fouettes sur place.*

Terre a Terre. A term applied to ballet steps which are performed on the ground; i.e. *round de jambe a terre*

Travesti. Literal translation, *disguised.* When there is a shortage of male dancers in a company female dancers often appear *en travesti*, that is, wearing men's costumes and sometimes partnering the other girls. Girls, *en travesti*, frequently appear in Opera Ballets. Notably at the Paris Opera where the role of Franz in *Coppelia* was traditionally danced by a girl.

SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 17

BEGINNERS.

Across—7, Opener. 8, Porter. 10, Sad tear. 11, Longs. 12, Vyroubova. 13, Adieu. 17, A girl. 18, Part. 22, Avril. 23, Coralli. 24, Grease. 25, Ashton.

Down—1, Rossana. 2, Dead one. 3, Never. 4, Follies. 5, A tone. 6, Fresh. 9, Frederick. 14, Ageless. 16, A trio no. 15, Bad lots. 19, Mange. 20, Urges. 21, A rest.

VETERANS.

Across 7, Steers. 8, Adagio. 10, No Tempi. 11, Turns. 12, Envy. 13, Seven. 17, Tempi. 18, Hunt. 22, Frost. 23, Leaders. 24, Allies. 25, Design.

Down 1, A sinner. 2, Festive. 3, Drums. 4, Odette's. 5, Igor's. 6, Toast. 9, Pineapple. 14, Ten toes. 15, Fun of it. 16, Strains. 19, A flat. 20, Tools. 21, Cones.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

July
3 *Mam'zelle Angot, Symphonic Variations, Les Patineurs.*
4 *Les Patineurs, Daphnis and Chloe, Mam'zelle Angot.*
6 *Checkmate, Daphnis and Chloe, Ballet Imperial.*
9 GALA PERFORMANCE in the presence of H.M. the Queen. First performance *Tiresias. Les Patineurs, Ballet Imperial.*
10 *Ballet Imperial, Tiresias, Mam'zelle Angot.*
11 *Rake's Progress, Tiresias, Mam'zelle Angot.*
12 *Checkmate, Daphnis and Chloe, Facade.*
13 *Rake's Progress, Daphnis and Chloe, Facade.*
14 (M) *Mam'zelle Angot, Symphonic Variations, Les Patineurs.*
(E) *Swan Lake Act 2, Daphnis and Chloe, Facade.*
16 *Sylphide, Tiresias, Mam'zelle Angot.*
17 *Sylphide, Tiresias, Mam'zelle Angot.*
18 *Rake's Progress, Symphonic Variations, Tiresias.*
19 *Checkmate, Symphonic Variations, Tiresias.*
20 *Rake's Progress, Tiresias, Ballet Imperial.*
21 (M) *Sylphide, Job, Les Patineurs.*
(E) *Les Patineurs, Job, Ballet Imperial.*
23 *Swan Lake.* (Shearer, Field).
24 *Swan Lake.* (Elvin, Field).
25 *Cinderella.* (Shearer, Somes).
26 *Cinderella.* (Nerrina, Hart).
27 *Cinderella.* (Elvin, Rassine).
28 *Cinderella.* (Shearer, Somes).
30 Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool for two weeks.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET, ON TOUR

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July
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Don Quixote (Slavenska, Dolin or Miskovitch).
Giselle (Markova, Gilpin, Hinton).
3 FOKINE NIGHT.
Les Sylphides (Krassovska, Riabouchinska, Hinton, Miskovitch).
Spectre de la Rose (Landa, Gilpin).
Prince Igor (Krassovska, Hinton, Trunoff).
4 (M) *Harlequinade* (Krassovska, Gilpin).
The Nutcracker (Slavenska, Miskovitch).
(E) ALL-STAR GALA PERFORMANCE.
Swan Lake, Spectre de la Rose, Pas de Quatre, The Dying Swan, Beau Danube.
5 *Swan Lake* (Krassovska, Dolin)
Impressions (Markova, Riabouchinska, Hinton, Dolin, Gilpin).
Bolero (Dolin).
Blue Bird (Markova, Gilpin).
Prince Igor (Krassovska, Hinton, Trunoff).
6 *The Nutcracker* (Slavenska, Dolin).
Spectre de la Rose (Krassovska, Gilpin).
Prince Igor (Krassovska, Hinton, Trunoff).
7 (M) *Les Sylphides* (Riabouchinska, Hinton, Rossana, Miskovitch).
Harlequinade (Riabouchinska, Gilpin).
Beau Danube (Hinton, Lichine).
(E) *Swan Lake* (Slavenska, Miskovitch).
Spectre de la Rose (Riabouchinska, Gilpin).
Giselle (Markova, Dolin).

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July
2 Grand Theatre, Leeds. (2nd week).
26 ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON.
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28 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes.*
(E)
30 *Capriccio Espagnol. Visions. Gaiete Parisienne.*
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July
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RAM GOPAL

July
3 International Eisteddfod, Llangollen.
23 Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. (two weeks).

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July
23 Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury.

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Clubs

LONDON

Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club. Sec: Margaret S. Childs, 47, *Allenswood Road, Eltham, S.E.*9.

The second evening of Ballet was held at Lewisham Town Hall on April 18, before a large and appreciative audience. The Club was honoured by the presence of Miss Pamela May, and Mr. Maurice Cole, who were received by the Hon. Director, Miss Iris Loriane.

The main work was a new ballet by the Club's ballet mistress Miss Maria Balinska, to music by Eric Coates, *L'ecole a plage*. This was danced by the members of the senior class, with Kenneth Tillson and Corinne Duvernay as soloists. The costumes were specially designed by W. Holmes. The senior class also opened the programme with a demonstration of class work, and members of the elementary class gave a Dutch Group arranged by their ballet mistress, Miss Francesca Price.

Local ballet teachers, Misses Marjorie Barton, Freda Clarke and Gladys Groom, each presented ballets of their own danced by their pupils. The Professional element was provided in some very exciting Spanish dancing arranged by Miss Elsa Brunelleschi and danced by Elenita Sierra and Robert Harold and Miss Stella Mann accompanied by her pupils demonstrated Central European dancing. The Mime Theatre Company gave two short mime plays, *The Death of Harlequin* and the play sequence from *Hamlet* produced by Clifford Williams.

*New Hampstead Dance Group. Directors: Mrs. M. Paine, Mr. A. Suteroff. Studio, The White Horse, Fieet Road, N.W.*3.

Classes are held from 8 to 10 p.m. Monday, Tap and Modern dancing. Tuesday, Advanced Ballet 8-9, Beginners Ballet 9-10. Thursday, Elementary Ballet. Friday, Beginners Ballet. New Productions are being planned and new members will be welcomed. Particulars can be got by writing to Mrs. Paine, 13, South Hill, Park Gardens, N.W.3. Note New Studio address.

London Ballet Circle. Sec: Stanley Hawkins, 132, *Kensington Park Road, W.*11.

Since it was formed over four years ago, the Circle has tried to present talks each month by well-qualified speakers but seldom has the attendance been sufficient to cover the cost of hiring the hall and the lecturer's fee. They are most anxious to increase membership, which costs only 10/- a year, so that they may put the Circle on a sound financial basis and expand activities in other directions. New members from all over the London area will be welcome.

NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ballet Club. Sec: Mrs. M. Bennitt, 1, *Grosvenor Villas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, 2.

As this is Festival Year and in view of the fact that it is now permissible to use Sir Arthur Sullivan's music freely, a Festival competition was held on June 3 at which Dr. Dixon generously donated prizes for the best original solo; and the best original *pas de deux*.

The annual general meeting of the club was held on May 20.

MANCHESTER.

The Ballet Guild. Hon. Sec: J. V. Whittaker, 122, *Church Street West, Radcliffe, Manchester.*

On May 22, the members of the Ballet Guild were honoured by a visit from their Patroness Miss Mona Inglesby who was appearing with the "International Ballet" at The Opera House, Manchester.

After meeting all the dancing members she took a class lasting for an hour and a half, expertly correcting individual faults and offering encouragement to the dancers.

She was escorted on this visit by Mr. Ernest Hewitt, one of the leading male dancers of the "International Ballet", who afterwards gave instruction in mime technique.

Miss Inglesby saw an excerpt from *Slavonic Wedding* from the Club's last production and congratulated the members on their fine teamwork.

ERITH.

Erith Ballet Club. Director, Algar Nunn, 51, *Langdale Cres., Bexleyheath, Kent. Erith* 4720.

The Spring Production given at the Guild Playhouse, Erith, included *Suite de Dances*, Tchaikowski, *Exposition*, Prokhofiev, *The Frog Prince*, John Field, and *Big Town Gal*, Khakatchurian, choreography by Betty Goodman. The next production is in rehearsal; choreographers will be Betty Goodman, Barbara Barnes and Algar Nunn.

CLUB ADDRESSES.

Andover Ballet Club. Mrs. P. Crowson, "Hillcrest", Ludgershall, Nr. Andover.
Birmingham. Janet Cranmore Ballet Club, 154, *Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham*, 16.
Blackburn Ballet Club. Miss K. M. West, 6, *Azalea Road, Blackburn.*
Bournemouth Ballet Club. A. A. Ost Esq., 29, *The Avenue, Branksome Park, Bournemouth.*
Bristol Ballet Club. Mrs. S. Bain, 1, *Greville Road, Bristol*, 3.
Burnley Ballet Club. Mrs. K. M. Lawson, 131, *Casterton Avenue, Burnley.*
Burton-on-Trent. St. Mowden's Ballet, Mrs. Lake, 11, *Balmoral Road, Burton-on-Trent.*
Cambridge University Ballet Club. A. J. Boniface Esq., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

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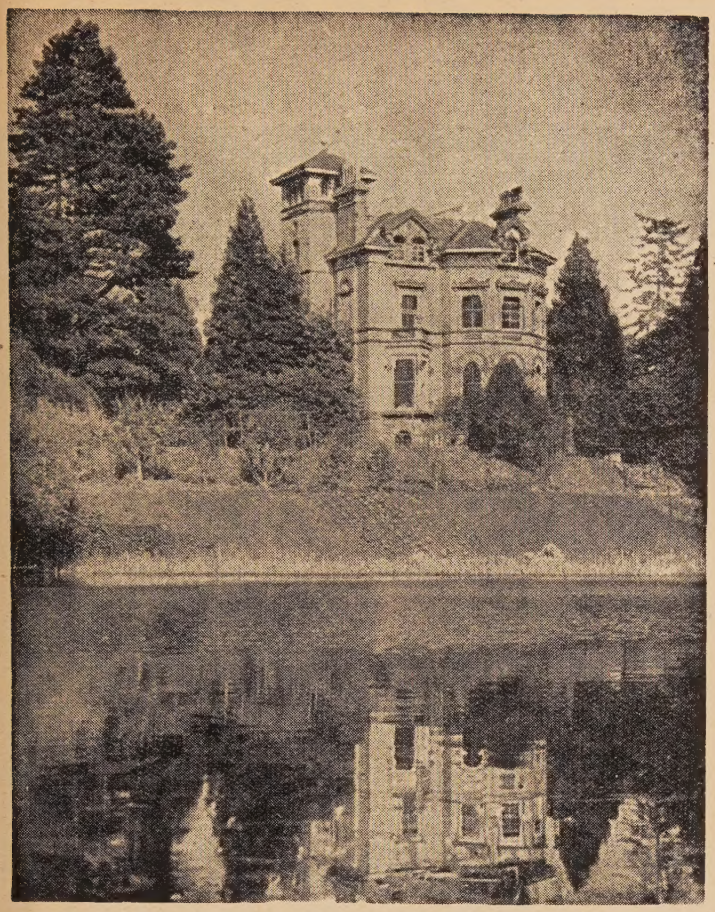

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